THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

LITERATURE ACCOMPLISHMENTS ARTS AMUSEMENTS NEWS.

VOL. X. M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.} BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1855. TERMS, {$2 00 PER ANNUM, 5 CENTS SINGLE.} Nº 50.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MANIAC'S SECRET.

—OR, THE—

PRIVATEER OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XV.—[CONTINUED.]

With one blow Rolin knocked the sailor half-way across the room, and then springing towards the corner next the door he drew a pair of pistols, cocked and presented them in an instant. His noble blood was up, and he forgot not only danger, but he also forgot all fear.

"I find myself betrayed," he pronounced, in a deep, proud tone, "and concealment would be now useless. Move but a step towards me, and you are a dead man! I have set my life for the liberty of America, and I can lose it here as well as anywhere if you choose to cross me. I was on board the *Dunstable*—I was second in command of the little schooner that took her. I was next in command of the ship herself when we had given her a Yankee crew! I left the ship and went back to the schooner only when I saw a heavy English brig-of-war coming down on us. I sent the brig, a well-laden store-ship into a patriot port, with only eight men on board, and then helped cripple the brig. Ye know me now; and now tell me, if I stand here alone? Is there another man here in whose bosom beats an American heart?"

As Rolin ceased speaking the fellow whom he had knocked down got upon his feet again, and, boiling over with rage, he gasped:

"There's a thousand pounds reward for one of the leaders of them pirates. At him, soldiers, and take him at once!"

Upon this four soldiers arose to their feet, and drew their short swords. They then advanced a few steps, and Rolin was upon the point of making another threat when he detected a movement which kept him quiet. Half a dozen of the stout artizans had arisen, and four of them had seized the stout stools; and almost simultaneously the four stools descended upon the four heads of the four soldiers, and their four bodies were prostrate upon the floor.

But the scene ended not here. Five more Englishmen—three of them sailors, and two soldiers—sprang forward upon the artizans with drawn weapons. Rolin saw it, and he felt it to be his duty now to mix in the affray. The host shut and barred his door at this juncture, and as he did so the youth detected a stout, oaken or hickory staff which had stood behind the door. He immediately put up one of his pistols and seized it. It was a noble cudgel, and with it raised above his head he sprang forward. At its first sweep one of the soldiers fell, and on another instant it had performed the same office for a sailor. In the meantime the others had not been idle, and now there was but one party upon their feet.

"Here—quick! my noble master," uttered a stout, bold-faced mechanic, catching Rolin by the sleeve. "You'll not be safe here at all. Follow me. There'll be more of the infernal villains poking along soon. I'll show you the way. Come, you aren't afeared of me."

The youth had seen enough of this man to know that he might trust him without fear, and he followed him without speaking a word.

The noble fellow led the way out through the same door by which Rolin had seen the host enter, and here he found a narrow entry-way which received light only by the glass in the doors on either hand. A door beyond was opened, and this led to a sort of cook-room, from which was a passage directly to the back yard; but the guide turned not that way. He turned to the left instead, and made his way up a flight of stairs—and then up another flight—to a window which overlooked the flat roof of an adjoining building. Out through this window he clambered, bidding Rolin close it after him—then along upon this strange path until two buildings had been crossed. Upon the roof of the third was a Lutheran window through which the guide made his way, with Rolin close upon his heels. Here they descended to the basement, where they startled an old man and woman who were just eating supper.

"What! Eh! This you, Tom?" uttered the old man, his fright giving way to surprise.

"Yes," returned Tom, in a hurry. "Mind—shut your eyes now, for here comes a man you mustn't see. If you're asked if you've seen a rebel escaping, of course you'll say no. Mind ye, old Adam, I'm giving escort to one of the noble souls that took the British store-ship, and beat off the brig. But ye haint seen him."

The old man tried to shut his eyes, but he couldn't. He had to take one peep at the patriot; though, as he afterwards told his "gude wife," "twasn't a fair sight. I didn't see 'im."

In the meantime, the stout guide had entered a narrow alley which ran back towards Brattle's Street, and having reached very near to the end he stopped at a door which was reached by ascending a short flight of steps. He opened it without ceremony, and passed in, and having gained the hall he led the way up the front stairs to a small bed room, where he stopped and faced his follower.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SERPENT'S HISS.

When Belinda came to herself all was dark about her. She felt a dull pain in her head, and a sensation of lameness in her limbs. She reflected upon what had occurred, and it was sometime ere she could fully comprehend the events last fixed in her experience. She remembered leaving her new home with her new-found father, of walking upon the Common—of then keeping on to an out-of-the-way house, where her companion left her alone. Then she remembered of searching for some means of egress from the house—of meeting with the old hag, and of the encounter which followed. She had a faint remembrance of being hurt, but she could not tell how, though she felt sure that the woman had done it.

This train of reflection brought the poor girl's mind to a clearer state, and she began to wonder where she was. She soon discovered that she was upon a bed, but not the least ray of light came to relieve the utter darkness. At length she carefully arose from the bed and stood upon the floor. She found that her clothes had none of them been removed, not even her shoes, only her dress had been loosened about the waist, and a wet cloth laid upon her head. When she first found herself upon her feet she felt very weak and dizzy; but gradually her strength came to her, and her head grew more calm, though there was still much pain there. Awhile she groped around in the utter darkness, and by-and-by she found a door. She opened it, and her heart gave a quick bound as the star-beams greeted her vision. But the hope was not to become fixed, for, by the dim starlight, she soon discovered that she was in the very room in which Fitzgerald had left her, when he professed only to leave her for the purpose of finding his "old friend." She arrived at this knowledge partly by the dim outlines of things in the apartment, and partly by the things she could see without. She could see the high fence beneath the windows, and the starlit water of Charles River in the distance. She drew a long breath as she came to a full knowledge of where she was, and once more she determined to find some means of escape if possible. She could now see objects about her quite distinctly. She went to the door which she knew led to the entry, but it was fastened upon the outside. Her strength was applied, but without other effect than to convince her that escape that way was hopeless. She then tried the windows, but they were both of them made after the same fashion as the one in the bed-room. The sashes were whole, and firmly screwed or bolted to the casement.

After this, Belinda drew a chair to the western window and sat down. The heavens were cloudless, and the myriad stars looked down upon the earth without a single veil to hide their twinkling eyes of light. As the poor girl gazed upon them her mind ran back into the past, and she tried if she could remember anything beyond the fond embrace of Matthew Clyne. There was a faint, dim thought—a sort of ideal mind-dream—of something beyond that, but 'twas all confused, and offered no picture upon which memory could find one familiar thing. She did have a dim remembrance of being carried through deep, dark woods, and of sleeping many a time on a warm bosom beneath the forest trees. And at times she felt sure that 'twas a female who thus bore her so strangely about. Yet all of life that had a single warm, generous thought, was connected with Matthew Clyne; but that good, noble man was not her father, for he had so admitted.

But was Barton Fitzgerald her father? This question came to her mind with whelming force. In outward argument he had proven his fathership, but there was within the bosom of the doomed girl a voice that continually whispered a negative to the idea. He was not what Matthew Clyne had been. If he had even been kind, that kindness was more the outcoming of fun and reckless jollity, than the deep love of a parent. Gradually her thoughts came thickly and confused. Matthew Clyne, Rolin Lincoln, Fitzgerald, Danton, Polly Poll, and the old hag whom she had last seen, all crowded to her mind in a mass, and she bowed her head in an absolute chaos of ideas.

At length one hope—and one alone—dwelt upon her mind. Perhaps the major would yet come and take her away. He had promised to come back, and the old hag had assured her of the same result. Perhaps he had been detained by some unavoidable circumstance—he might have received a peremptory order from his commander-in-chief—or he might have met with some accident; in short her hope conjured up many causes which might have led to his detention, and she tried to believe that he would soon come back. And this hope had the more hold upon her from the simple fact that she could not possibly conceive of any cause why she should be left thus on purpose.

Belinda had been sitting by the window surely an hour, and she felt faint and weak, so she made her way back to the little bed-room, leaving the door open so that she might know if any one entered the outer apartment. She now found that the cause of the utter darkness in this bed-room was a thick curtain which was suspended over the window. This she raised, and then, without removing any of her clothing save her shoes, she lay down upon the bed, and ere long a dreamy, uneasy slumber came to her relief.

When Belinda awoke the sun was shining into her window. She leaped quickly up, and at first she seemed surprised to find that she had retired without undressing; but in a moment more she remembered the events of the night before, and with a deep groan she sank back upon the bed. She soon arose again, however, and on rising to her feet she felt better than when she was up before from the same bed. Yet she was very faint, for she had now been four-and-twenty hours without food, and even without drink. She passed out into the other room, and looked into the glass which hung over the dressing-table there. She was startled at first to see how pale and wan she looked, but she had little time to reflect upon it, for at that moment she heard footsteps approaching her door. A key was turned with a harsh, grating sound—then the door was set ajar—and in a moment more the old woman pushed it open with her foot and made her appearance with a large tray, which she brought and placed upon the table.

"Now, miss," she said, "I guess you'll want summat to eat, wont ye? Here's stuff 'at's good, an' I reckon ye'll prove it. How d'ye find yerself this mornin'?"

Belinda gazed into the woman's face some moments without answering. She was sure she had never seen so ugly and repulsive a face, for in the whole countenance she could not find one single line, or mark, or shade, that revealed the presence of a soul. There seemed to be animal life, and human speech, and that was all.

"D'ye feel sore?" the woman resumed, finding that Belinda did not answer.

"I am weak and faint," returned the maiden.

"I'd think that widout yer tellin' it, for folks doant grow strong on air. But are ye sore any?"

"Not much," said Belinda, looking into the woman's wire-like, bony face with a shudder.

"I'm glad o' that. But now coom an' eat. Here's summat good, an' some coffee to drink. It'll make ye a nice breakfast."

"Has my father come yet?" the girl asked, tremblingly.

"Not yet."

"O, where is he?" Why don't he come!" poor Belinda uttered in agony.

"Mayhap he'll be here afore long, so ye'll be wise not to trouble yerself aboot it. Coom, eat now, for I want to get yer dishes oot o' the way."

The woman turned towards the door as she spoke.

"Do you think he'll come soon?" Belinda faintly asked.

"I can't bring him, so yer asking questions of me wont do ye any good. Eat yer breakfast."

The poor girl burst into tears as the door closed upon the retiring form of the hag, but the paroxysm soon passed, and then she turned to the victuals which had been brought. They certainly looked neat and clean. There were some warm muffins, and Belinda was somewhat surprised to observe that they were not only of the same shape and size, but that they also bore the same peculiar impress from the ornamented dish in which they were baked, as had marked those she had eaten at the major's. And the coffee, too, tasted just the same, while the tarts were of the same make exactly. Little did Belinda then think that all these things had come direct from Fitzgerald's table—she knew not but that all the muffin griddles in Boston were alike, and that all cooks followed the same culinary rules.

She ate heartily, and when she had finished she felt much refreshed. Ere long afterwards the woman returned and took away the things. Belinda did not speak to her, nor did she hardly dare to look upon her, for her very appearance was chilling. After the hag had gone and locked the door behind her, the maiden sat down by the window again, and there she remained for nearly an hour. At the end of that time she again heard footsteps upon the stairs. It was a slow, cautious tread, and so careful in its fall that the girl could not determine whether it was a male or female step. But soon the key was turned in the lock, the door was opened, and—Abner Danton entered the room!

Belinda's first movement was to start to her feet; but then, as she saw the new comer turn and lock the door behind him, she sank down again. No sound had yet escaped her lips, for she was utterly astounded. After the door had been relocked, Danton advanced towards the spot where Belinda sat.

Belinda, he said, "we meet once more, it seems it!"

The poor girl looked up, and her dark eye flashed, but she did not speak.

"I trust," continued Danton, "that you will receive me more becomingly than you did the last time."

"That depends, sir, upon what your business may be," said Belinda, bracing every nerve.

"My business! Ah, what business but one can I have? If the stray lamb could speak, would he ask the anxious, searching shepherd why he had come!"

"Sir!"

"Do you not understand me!"

"I hope I may not be deceived. If your simile touches my case, then you have come to take me back to my home."

"Ay, I have, lady."

"To take me back to my — to Major Fitzgerald!" uttered Belinda, with sudden hope.

"I will take you there if you wish, for of course I would as lief take you there as anywhere."

"Then we may go at once. I am ready, even now."

"But I am not yet ready, lady," returned Danton, while a strange look dwelt upon his face. "Ere you leave this place you will become my wife."

"You are jesting, sir," spoke the maiden, faintly, seeming to speak without thought.

"Not at all, Miss Fitzgerald, I assure you. I am not only in earnest, but all the powers of earth and heaven combined cannot take you from me now, nor take me from you."

"You do not mean it!" Belinda gasped, clasping her hands, and bending eagerly towards her visitor.

"I do most assuredly mean it, my dear girl. Ere you can go from this place, you must be my wife."

"But—but—my father—"

"Fear not for him. He has sent me, and he says you must be mine. He gave me his plighted word that you should be my wife, and to that end did he bring you here."

"How, sir!" cried Belinda, in quick surprise. "Left me here on purpose, do you mean!"

"I do."

"I'll not believe it!"

"You can do as you please about that; but 'tis true."

"He could have had no reason for such a thing."

"He had the best of reasons."

"Ha, sir—how!"

"Why, lady—simply this: He had determined that you should be my wife, but he knew you would oppose him to the last, and for this he was not prepared. He was determined that his child should obey him, and yet he could not bear the thought of having to absolutely contest the point against your will and stubbornness. He wants peace, and he told me that rather than sit for ten minutes in your presence again when your passions were up as they were on the last day you spent in his house, he would see you shut up in a prison, and himself banished. So he brought you here, and bade me come and make known to you his purpose. Now you know it."

The maiden listened to this without once breathing, for every word bore conviction to her soul. She felt sure that Danton now spoke the truth, for every movement and look of Fitzgerald, when he had brought her hither, and which she had then thought so strange, was now explained.

"O, I did not think he had such a heart!" groaned the poor girl, after she had reflected awhile upon what she had heard.

"Why, this surely proves him to have a tender heart," quickly returned Danton, "else he might have coolly withstood your tears and stubborn prayers."

"O, if he had had a noble heart he would not have wished to withstand them. He would not have wished to make me miserable."

"Now you are talking nonsense. Would you have a parent be governed by such things when he sees and knows his duty?"

"Duty, sir! O, how hollow—how basely false, is the heart that can prompt such thoughts! You know there is no duty lies that way. Only the lowest passions of sense and will!"

"Softly, softly, miss. You are going beyond your province. You now know your father's purpose, and upon that there needs no argument. Be my wife you must. Now when will you assume that relation!"

"Never! Never!"

"Remember, lady. You leave not this place until you are my wife."

"Then here let me die!"

"Is this your decision?"

"Ay, it is. Rather let me die here than make for myself a living hell on earth! Your wife I will never be."

"Oho! now I see your drift. You are stubborn yet—your will needs bending. And—mark me—we can do it! Do not think that you are to have just the way you choose. No! for by the great heavens and all that in them dwell, I'll have ye for my wife, or— But I wont threaten. Yet let me say this: Mine you shall be, just as sure as there is a God in heaven. You may be my wife, or not, as best suits you!"

"I will die here—"

"What—with your father's curses on your head!"

"He will not curse me."

"But he will, though. He'll curse you if you refuse to obey him."

"Then let his curses come. 'Twere better to die with the curse of such a parent, than bear the living curse of such a husband!"

As these words, spoken with powerful distinctness, fell upon the ear of Abner Danton, he started to his feet. His face was livid with rage, and his hands were clutched. A moment he stood thus, as though he would put his hands upon the girl before him, but he did not move towards her. He only gazed into her eye, and when he spoke his voice was low and hissing, like the bubbling of a boiling cauldron.

"Now, girl," he said, "you shall know to whom you speak! When I see you again, tell me if your will is not bent! By the powers of heaven, you've got to yield, and the longer you remain stubborn the longer shall you suffer. Mark me—you leave this place when you are my wife, and not before."

"Hold, sir!" cried Belinda, as the man was about to turn away. "O, what can you want of an unwilling wife? I am not responsible for my feelings, nor can I hide them. What—O, tell me what—can you want of a wife who can only loathe you?"

"I'll tell you, lady. 'Tis because you loathe me. There are two springs of passion in the human bosom, and no man has yet learned which, the world over, is the most powerful. They are, love and hate; and the strongest love that ever yet grew upon the tree of the soul, can be changed to the bitterest hatred."

"No, no, sir—you speak falsely now. True love can never be turned to hatred—never. It may be scorned and trampled under foot, but it can never be changed to its opposite. Sorrow may surround it, and grief shut it up within the dark cell of despair, but if it be true love the spark is of heaven, and must live until earth with all its hatred shall have passed away. No, no, 'tis only the hot passion of the senses which you call love, and not the creation of a noble soul. True love may weep itself into a whelming sea of bitter tears, but its life even then is not quenched. Such love you never felt!"

For a full minute Abner Danton stood and gazed into the glowing face of the noble girl before him. But he felt not the influence of her pure soul—he only wondered at her eloquence,

and, anon, gloated over the marvellous beauty which at that moment sat upon her face.

"You are a philosopher," he said, with a bitter curl of the lip, as he turned halfaway. "But I don't believe in it. I can love you if you will l t me, and then marry you for love. So I can hate you if you remain as you are now, and then ten thousand times more will I marry you that my hate may have its full revenge! You understand my philosophy now. And now, let me tell you all: I alone have power over you here, for your father has placed you so. He has given me charge over you, and will have no more to do or say with you, until you have obeyed him by becoming my wife."

"Hold once more, sir," uttered Belinda, while a look of bitter contempt rested upon her face. "Will he not even give his child the order he would have her obey? Never yet has he spoken one word to me of marrying with you, save to assure me that such should not be the case if I did not wish it. Now how can I know that 'tis his order?"

"You have my word, and such should surely be enough. In all the seeming concessions he has made to your whims he has only been governed by the wish not to be led to witness one of those scenes such as he witnessed the last time we three were together. He could not bear it, and to avoid it he chose to deceive you. But this very fact—this guardianship which I at present hold—should be enough. Yet you may have a clearer proof if you persist. And now mark me! When you wish to leave this place, you will send for me—and I am the only one who can come at your bidding. Send for me, and I'll come."

"I'll send when I *do* wish to see you, sir."

"Ay—and you may send much sooner than you dream of. But just tell old Jiley when you wish me to come, and I shall be with you."

With these words Abner Danton turned away, and Belinda was once more alone. She bowed her head and deeply pondered upon what she had heard. Surely she could not doubt that she had heard the truth with regard to her father, for it seemed the only reasonable deduction she could make from all the circumstances. The thought, fully developed, was almost overpowering, and had it not been for the stout resolution she had called up, she would have sank under it.

Alas! she little dreamed how that resolution was to be tried.

CHAPTER XVII.

A METAMORPHOSIS.

"UPON my soul, sir, you've had a narrow squeak," uttered the stout artizan, as he turned towards Rolin.

"I have, in truth," returned our hero, "and I may bless you for my escape."

"Well, I shan't refuse your thanks, as some would, for I rather like to have an honest man thank me. I tell ye, I don't believe in this refusing to accept thanks when ye know ye've done all ye could to help a fellow-creature out of trouble. But I tell ye truly—I'd 'ave died afore I'd 'a' seen ye lugged off by them 'cussed sojers—blow me if I wouldn't."

"I believe you, my noble friend," quickly replied Rolin, seizing the man by the hand. "Surely I may know your name?"

"Sartin. My name's Tom Wilson, an' if ever ye go down to the ferryway ye'll see my shop towards Hudson P'int, close by the shipyard. I'm a blacksmith."

"My name is Rolin Lincoln, and I am first mate of the only Yankee privateer that floats yet, I think."

"Rolin Lincoln? Yo aren't the son of old Walter Lincoln?"

"My father's name was Walter," answered Rolin, eagerly.

"He wa'n't capt'n of the old ship Cancer?"

"He was; and on board that ship he died. I was but a child then."

"Ay," said Wilson, in a softer, lower tone; "that was just fifteen years ago last November. I was a youth of five an'-twenty then."

"And I a boy of ten," added Rolin. "But did you know my father?"

"Did I know him? Ay, that I did. Tom Wilson was his second mate that voyage—an' Tom Wilson brought his ship home."

Rolin started, and the rich blood mounted to his face.

"I remember now," he said. "And you are the man who came with the box which contained my father's body!"

"Yes, Rolin—I am."

"Then isn't this a work of Providence that has brought us together now?"

"P'raps 'tis. At any rate, it's a stroke of good fortune for us both."

"I don't know about that," said Rolin, rather dubiously. "Seems to me the good fortune is all on my side, while nothing but danger is left for—"

"Stop, stop. None o' that. By the ghost of Neptune, that's all the good of the thing. Where's the goodness of helpin' a fellow when it don't cost nothin', and there aren't no danger? Anybody'll do that. But never you fear for me. You'll find the British'll stand more'n this from me, afore they'll dare to drop a flipper on me. But now tell me all about your takin' that schooner—an' then about the ship—an' then about the brig. An' then if yo want help, we'll attend to that."

The two sat down, and however anxious Rolin may have been to inquire about other matters, he could not refuse this request, so he commenced with the first onset upon the schooner, at Marshfield, and went through to the safe arrival of the store-ship at Plymouth; and the intense interest which Wilson manifested, both in looks, and in sundry emphatic ejaculations of delight and approval, more than paid him for all his trouble.

"By the immortal Peter!" cried Tom, jumping to his feet and slapping his hat on the floor, "I'd 'ave given all I'm worth—every farthin'—to have been with ye. But wasn't ye rather resky in comin' here, especially when ye knew them 'cussed runaway prisoners were here?"

"Ah, that brings me to my business here, and in which I want help."

"Help? Just name it. Your father, boy, was the next best friend to my mother I ever had. Now go ahead, and if Tom Wilson can help ye, ye shan't want."

Rolin pondered for a few moments, and he concluded to tell his companion his whole story; and he commenced. He told his love for Belinda—told of his plighted vows, and then of all that had subsequently happened, in which Jonas and Abner Danton, and Major Fitzgerald had figured. He told of Belinda's being brought to Boston, and of the lie the major had told him concerning her being in Virginia.

"And now," he added, "I know she is in this town. But I dare not go to the major's, for he knows of my hand in the matter of the schooner, and of course he will arrest me, if he sees me to know me. And yet I must see Belinda. I must speak with her—and if she would return with me she shall if I can get her away. I know that Abner Danton is also in town, and you can judge how anxious I must feel."

"By the immortal Moses, in course I can judge—an' you shall see the gal, too. I can fix it somehow. In the first place I will go to the major's myself, and in the meantime you can stay here. This is my house, and you shall see my wife just as soon as I go down and find out who's in the house. I can find plenty of friends for ye, for let me tell ye, Boston's full of true souls."

Rolin did not try to express his thanks in words, but extending his hand, he said, while a warm glow suffused his face:

"You will not refuse thanks which you deserve, nor will I refuse that assistance which I need. Nor shall I attempt to thank you now. You can well imagine how your own heart would beat beneath the load of such a generous friendship."

"I understand—I understand. If I can help ye, that's all the thanks I want. But hold on a spell while I run down, for I want supper off, an' then I take a cruise of observation around the major's premises this evening."

With this Tom Wilson went out, and when Rolin was left alone, he began to reflect upon the strange circumstances that will turn up in the path of human life. The unfortunate affair of being detected by the British sailor had turned out most fortunate, and his hopes were high. He now remembered Wilson well, though he would of course never have recognized him but for some such accident.

In a few moments Tom returned.

"The coast is clear," he uttered, as he came in; "so follow me at once."

Rolin followed his guide down to the kitchen, and there was introduced to Mrs. Wilson. She was a good-looking woman, short and round, and full of good nature and kindness, which seemed continually trying to escape through her eyes and lips. She received our hero kindly and generously, and seemed anxious to make him comfortable, and at home. Supper was soon ready, and then two curly-headed boys came bounding in, one about twelve years old, and the other younger.

"Them's my boys," said Tom. "Thirteen years ago this very month, I cast anchor in Boston, an' took this galliot in tow— You needn't shake yer head so, Molly, for ye know ye're built more like one of them Dutchmen than anything else. An' mind ye, too, ye never saw better sea-boats nor them fellers are, eh? But, as I was sayin', Molly and I spliced cables, and here we are both moored at our anchor. I tell ye, Rolin, there's comfort in doors for them as has good wives an' little ones, even though it storms without. I often tell my Molly here, 'at I should be a poor stick if I couldn't find smiles and love at home, for I don't find 'em much of anywhere's else. And yet there's many a poor fellow as has the worst time 'neath his own roof."

Tom might have said much more in this strain if his wife had not stopped him; but yet Rolin was not long in making himself sure that his friend told the truth in every word of praise he bestowed upon his wife. However, the meal was finished, and then Tom prepared to leave.

"You'd better go back up stairs again," he said, turning to our hero, "for there's no knowing who may happen in here. Molly 'll bring ye a book, an' see to your comfort while I'm gone; and I'm in hopes, when I come back, to bring ye some word of Belinda."

Rolin grasped the noble fellow's hand, and then turned his steps once more up stairs, while Tom went out by a back way. Ere long Mrs. Wilson brought up half-a-dozen books, one of which was a volume of Ben Jonson's plays. This Rolin selected, and was soon deeply interested in it. When it grew dark the lady brought up a lamp, and as she seemed to hesitate, as though she wished to say something, Rolin spoke to her. She stopped and sat down.

"You've found a true friend in Tom, sir," she said.

"I know it, madam," returned the youth, warmly.

"I've often heard him speak of your father, sir. He loved Capt'n Lincoln."

A tear stole to Rolin's eye, partly in memory of his father, and partly called forth by the kindness he now experienced.

Gradually Mrs. Wilson approached the subject upon which her thoughts dwelt with the most desire, and that was to hear from Rolin's own lips an account of his adventures with the British. The youth at once laid aside his book, and entered into the recital with much spirit, and in this way the time passed until Tom returned, which was shortly after nine o'clock.

Rolin watched the countenance of his friend with the utmost anxiety, but he could not tell much by the countenance of what the feelings might be within. Yet the noble fellow wore not a sad countenance by any means; though there was not quite so much of joy there as he could wish to have seen.

"Well," said Tom, after his wife had left the room, "I've been to the major's."

"And—and—saw Belinda?" uttered the youth, eagerly, yet hesitatingly.

"Not exactly; but I saw those who knew her."

"And can you see her?"

"Well, I don't know about that. The fact is, she aren't with the major now; but she's in the town somewhere."

"Not with Major Fitzgerald?" cried Rolin, in alarm.

"Don't be'afeared yet. We'll hunt her up, Rolin; for I've done something else besides seein' the major's folks. I've got another friend for ye, and he'll be here to-morrow mornin'. It's Dick Bolton. Didn't ye ever hear of him?"

"Not that I know of," replied our hero, thoughtfully.

"Well, he's a noble fellow—a comic actor—a play-actor. O, 'twould split yer sides to see Dick play old Jack Falstaff. Ha, ha, ha,—O, but he's a noble fellow. He's coming with a dress for ye, an' when ye have it on as he'll fix it, yer own mother wouldn't dream 'at she ever saw ye afore. And ye see, when ye have this on, an' yer face fixed up to match, we'll go into a regular hunt for the gal. We'll find her somewheres, so don't fear."

"But why has she left there? Did she leave of her own accord?"

"I don't know. All I could learn was, that about a week ago she walked out with her father, and didn't come back again; and that the next day an old woman came after some vittles, which they found was for Belinda. So she is very likely in Boston, and p'r'haps shut up somewheres. But we'll find her some way."

Rolin asked numerous questions, but he elicited no other information, and after a while the two descended to the kitchen, where over a bottle of wine, they sat and chatted in the presence of Molly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

DO A GOOD TURN WHEN YOU CAN.

BY DELLA PENHMORE.

It needs not great wealth a kind heart to display—
If the hand be but willing it soon finds a way;
And the poorest one yet, in the humblest abode,
May help a poor brother a step on his road.

Whatever the fortune a man may have won,
A kindness depends on the way it is done;
And though poor be our purse, and narrow our span,
Let us all try to do a good turn when we can.

The fair bloom of pleasure may charm for a while,
But its beauty is frail, and inconstant its smile;
Whilst the beauty of kindness, immortal in bloom,
Sheds a sweetness o'er life, and a grace o'er our tomb.

Then if we enjoy life, why the next thing to do,
Is to see that another enjoys his life too;
And though poor be our purse, and narrow our span,
Let us all try to do a good turn when we can.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE PEDLER'S VISIT.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

NOT long since I called to spend the day with an old friend by the name of Dowley. Dowley is a farmer of the old stamp—lives on the farm where his father was born, and has been frugal, industrious and thrifty. His farm is in excellent order—his stock sleek and fat—his buildings in thorough repair—and his children stout, good natured, and healthy. Mrs. Dowley is just the woman for a farmer's wife—a busy, bustling thing, with ambition enough to have everything in order, and pride enough to have a few things rather nicer than some folks have. We were sitting in the front room—Mr. and Mrs. Dowley, their daughter Rachael, a buxom lass of seventeen, and myself—when we saw one of those quaint-looking carts drive up into the yard which can belong only to a Yankee pedler.

"There's one o' them 'tarnal pedlers," uttered Mr. Dowley, with an expression half of contempt, and half of vengeance. "But he wont make much here. Now mind, Susan (to his wife), we don't want nothin' of his truck—not a thing."

"Sartinly we don't," responded the good wife; "and wont have nothin' neither."

The last one that came along sucked us in awfully, and I swore then 'at I'd never trade with another one of 'em agin. Now mind, Susan, snap 'im rite up ef he offers yer anything."

"Let me alone for that—the dirty-good-for-nothing!" returned the dame, smoothing down her apron emphatically.

By this time the pedler had made his way into the back room, and with a smiling face he came into the room where we were sitting. He was not one of your tall, lank things, but a short, plump, good-natured looking fellow, and wearing upon his really handsome face a continual smile which nothing seemed to ruffle.

"Well, neighbors," he said, after he had asked after our healths, "couldn't I trade with ye a little, to day?"

"No, *sir!*" emphatically answered Mr. Dowley, snapping his words out almost angrily.

"Don't you want sumthin'?" the pedler asked of the dame, in the same smooth, smiling tone.

"No, sir, I don't—want *nothin'*." The last word dropped from the dame's lips like the snapping of a percussion cap.

"Well, well—never mind," said the pedler, at the same time opening one of his trunks, and commencing to work as though he were only arranging his things. "I'm one of them kind as never forces folks into a trade, 'cause don't ye see 'ta'n't no use. I say, let them trade as has a mind to. Now some pedlers seem to think everybody's bound to buy, an' ef they don't manage to make a trade, why they git huffy 'bout it. But that isn't my way. I don't like to go by a man's house without stoppin', 'cause mebbe I'd have sumthin' they want. But ef a man says no—why that's enough."

All this time he had been fixing up the things in his trunk, and speaking in one of the sweetest and most seductive tones imaginable, and as his smiles were bestowed upon the host and hostess, I could see that their frowns were mostly dispelled. And during this time, too, he had contrived to fix his things so that a most tempting array of articles were in sight.

"How funny it is," the pedler resumed, with the same sweet smile, and this time directing his remarks to the gude wife, "that folks will go a lifetime without a simple thing that would pay for itself in once usin'. I shall never forgit what George Washington said when he was on his great farm deown in Ole Verginny. Says he, 'a penny saved is two pennies earnt.' And he was right. Now ye see, only this mornin' I come across a man pacin' off a piece of land where he was goin' to plow. I asked him why he didn't measure it? He said he hadn't got nothin'—his pacin' was good enough. 'You've paced this off, haven't ye?' says I. 'Yes,' says he. 'How much d'ye make of it?' says I. 'Jest an acre,' says he. 'It's jest a square acre.' Now ye see I know'd he hadn't got an acre of land there, for I could see 'at he didn't step long enough. So I jest takes this ere thing out of my trunk, and says I, 'let's measure it right now.'"

Here the pedler took from his trunk one of those measuring tapes which roll up in a neat, circular, polished leather case, and which was just two rods long; and as he went on speaking he pulled out the neatly figured tape, and then wound it up again by means of the little brass crank.

"So he took hold o' one end, an' I took the other, an' we went reound that piece in jest about ten minutes. By jingo, the piece wasn't only 'baout 'leven rods square—fell short, ye see, sixteen rod. 'Now,' says I 'jest see how ye get deceived. Next fall yer nabors'll laff at ye 'cause ye ha'n't raised more corn on an acre—an' they'll swear yer land a'n't good—an' ye'll have to stand it, too.' He kind o' took what I'd said, an' he bought one o' these magic land measurers rite off. Now, ye see, he ken measure his fences, an' his land, an' his buildings—an' in fact, he ken allers measure anything. 'Cause ye can carry this rite in yer pocket. Come away from home jest a week ago yesterday, an' had seven dozen o' these farmer's measures—an' all gone but this. I rather guess I'll keep this for a pattern."

And as he thus spoke he commenced to stow it away. I saw that Mr. Dowley eyed the thing uneasily. Now Dowley had a rod-pole, a two-foot rule, and any quantity of small rope, with which he had always measured off his land; but this thing took his fancy. It looked so neat and handy.

"Jest let me look at that," he said; and as he took it he pulled it out and wound it up several times. "How high does this come?" he asked.

"Two dollars, I've been sellin' 'em for," replied the pedler.

"Aint that high?"

"High! Why, just look at it—look at the work. You can't git such ones rite in Busting for one cent off 'm fifteen shillin'. Ye see I found a man sellin' off at auction—a man as was goin' to California, an' I got these for considerable under cost. So I can afford to put 'em cheap."

"You couldn't say nine shillings, could ye?"

"Well—I don't know. Ef I ever *do* sell cheap it's to an honest, old farmer, who has to work hard for a livin'. But look here—ef ye'll solemnly promise not to lisp a word to anybody how cheap I let ye have it, I'll say nine shillin's. But I hadn't ought to—I hadn't—that's a fact."

So Dowley took the measurer, and went to his desk and got his pocket-book, and came back with a five-dollar bill, which he handed to the pedler. The latter took it, but did not immediately return the change.

"What times these are for inventions," said the pedler. "By the bokey, I 'spect nothin' but what every man'll have a silver shovel one of these days. Ye ever heard 'baout this French Imperial magnetic silver?"

"No," answered Dowley.

"It's the most astonishin' thing in the world. A poor man was diggin' on a maounting one day, an' he found somethin' 'at looked jest like silver. He thought he'd sure enough faound a mine, an' he dug lots on it. The great philosopher overhauled it, an' they found 'twasn't silver, but it's just 'baout the same. It's brighter 'n silver, an' Monseer Hoppofiamsegis, the royal emperor's high minister, ordered a set of spewns for his table rite off. Capt'n Sam Blanchard—perhaps you know 'im?"—(Dowley said he did not)—"Well, he's a cute chap—he smuggled forty dozen of the spewns into Portland, an' I got 'em every one. There a'n't another one in the country only what I got. They look as much nicer 'n silver as ye ken imagine, an' ye can't wear 'em out—nor ye can't tarnish 'em. Ye see a silver spewn—a tea-spewn—would cost a dollar. Neow one of these only comes to 'baout half o' that."

The pedler went on fixing up his things, but never once offered to show his spoons. Mrs. Dowley got nervous.

"Couldn't ye jest let me look at them spewns, sir?" she said, rather timidly.

"O, sartin, of course. An' mark me, you'll say they are beauties—jest the handsomest things ye ever sot eyes on."

He soon brought up a pasteboard box, and from among a mass of cotton and tissue paper, he revealed the spoons. They were truly bright looking things, and finished with care and neatness.

"Jest look at yer face in that," the pedler said, holding one of the glittering things up to the good woman's eye.

I could see that Mrs. Dowley was caught.

"How much did you say was the price of these?" she asked.

"Six dollars a dozen—three dollars for half a dozen—an' you may depend on't, they'll cut-wear any silver spewn in creation. Neow wait."

From one corner of the other trunk the pedler brought up a glass spoon cup. It was all figured off, and clear as crystal. Then he proceeded to arrange six of the spoons in it, placing them at equal distances from each other, with the bowls up. The handles glittered through the figured glass most beautifully, and the polished bowls of the spoons, which just rested over the rim of the cup, reflected the light from their polished surfaces in all directions.

"There!" uttered the pedler, triumphantly. "Who's got such a set as that reound these diggin's?"

Mrs. Dowley's eyes fairly sparkled.

"What's that glass thing worth?" she asked.

"Half a dollar."

"But a tumbler'd do jest as well to set 'em in."

"But 'twouldn't look so well," whispered Rachael, into her mother's ear.

At this juncture the pedler arose and went out to his cart, and when he came in he had a piece of delaine in his hand.

"I don't want ye to buy this," he said, as he sat down and gathered one end of the delaine up neatly in his hand, and then let the other end fall gracefully upon the floor. "Only as I was noticin' your daughter's countenance an' complexion, I couldn't help but think of it. Where I put up last night there was a young lady, jest abaout this young lady's age—an' she wanted this piece drefful bad, but ye see she was rather plain lookin' an' dark complexioned, an' such a figur' as this wouldn't match with such a face. But jest look at this piece for such a complexion as your darter has. A'n't it splendid?"

Rachael's red face grew redder, but she was greatly pleased. I can give the pedler's words, but I can't give the soft, winning looks and smiles he bestowed upon those two females. But I could see that Rachael was now caught. Her eyes devoured the delaine, and she was all excitement. And then the flattery she had received added not a little to her emotions. The cloth was pretty, if color and figure were all, but I could see that the texture was far from firm or durable.

"What is this a yard?" Rachael asked.

"Only two shillin's, ma'am. Now only think, they'd make ye pay half a dollar at the store for that, an' ye'd have to take jest what they had, too. Ye see I got this of my brother who imports his goods rite from France—so I got it cheap. There's jest ten yards in this piece—just a pattern. Neow I don't like to cultivate pride in young folks, but at the same time it does appear to me 'at when our Heavenly Father has given a handsome face to a gal (an admiring gaze at Rachael), she's a right to treat it decently by matchin' a handsome dress to it. There's my opinions. Don't you think so, ma'am?"

Mrs. Dowley said yes, and then she asked the pedler if he couldn't take twenty-five cents a yard for his delaine.

"I mustn't," he said. "I love to sell cheap, but 'taint reasonable to lose money outright. Howsumever—look here—taking up the spoons, which still stood temptingly in the glass dish—say three dollars for the six spewns; three dollars an' thirty-three cents for the delaine—and —an'. Well, I'll give ye the glass dish, ef ye'll promise to make a present of it to this young lady when ye've done with it. There!"

Mrs. Dowley looked up at her husband. "Aren't them nice?" she said. "How handy when we have company."

But the old man said nothing.

"I've got three dollars and a half now 'at belongs to yeou," said the pedler, who had been figuring on the top of the spoon-box. "Take eout the pay for the delaine, an' that leaves seventeen cents. Then for the spewns I want jest two dollars an' eighty-three cents more. By hokey, I hadn't ought to sell so, but I will."

"I ken pay that out of my own money," said Mrs. Dowley; and waiting until she found her husband would make no remonstrance, she started off and brought just the change.

The pedler saw that it came hard, and he offered no more of his wares; and ere long afterwards he was after the next farmer, where he would probably have "just one more left" of the "farmer's magic land measurer," and where he might find another girl just fitted to a dress pattern, and so on. I examined the spoons after he was gone, and found them marked with a maker's name in New York. They were well-plated, and worth, perhaps, one dollar per dozen. The measuring tape I could have purchased at any store for seventy five cents, and the delaine would have been reasonable at twelve and a half cents per yard. But I held my peace, and wondered how my good friends would treat the next "good for nothing," who might honor them with a visit.

A REMARKABLE FRAUD.

A most extraordinary instance of official peculation has recently come to light in Russia. It appears that in the returns of the Russian army there had always figured, for equipment, pay, munitions and supplies, and for a force of 18,000 men, a so-called division of reserve, which ought to consist of one or two companies from each regiment serving in the Great Caucasus. This division was employed in keeping the outposts among the mountains. They made a great fuss about the little forts built or building for it, and which were garrisoned by small detachments from the main body, in conformity with the regulations.

One day, General Woronzeff, the emperor's viceroy in the Caucasus, set out with a princely suite for the purpose of inspecting these 18,000 men. He reached a village and commanded a superior officer to order the detachments of the division to assemble for the purpose of being reviewed. He was told that the posts were so scattered among the mountains that it would require at least three weeks to get the troops together, and being in danger of a famine if he remained in the place with his numerous retinue, the General relinquished the object of his visit. When the campaign in Asia was ordered by the Emperor Nicholas, General Monravieff seeing this contingent of 18,000 men figure on the army list, took it also into his head to go and ascertain the state of these troops. He took the precaution to travel without a retinue, taking only a single aid-de-camp, and meeting with the same reception as his predecessor, announced his intention of waiting till the troops could be collected from the mountain fortresses. He did not wait in idleness, however, but from an active personal inspection came to the conclusion that the forts had never been built, and that the men existed only on paper! Consequently, for the twenty-five or thirty years that war has been waged in the Caucasus, the Russian government had been paying enormous sums for the maintenance of an imaginary division for the construction of chimerical forts, true castles in the air. If this is a fair specimen of Russian military management, what vast sums must be squandered for sham armies and warlike preparations.—*London Globe.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MY BABY AND MY WIFE.

BY FANNY BELL.

Have you seen our precious baby,
With eyes of glittering jet?
Its lips—two dewy rosebuds—
In dimpling smiles are set.

So pure, so fair and fragile,
It seems an angel given,
To lead our earth-born spirits
Up to its native heaven.

It is a petted darling,
This little babe of ours,—
It sports in life's warm sunshine,
A bud among the flowers.

Time waves his gentle pinion
Across its cherub face,
And as his wings steal o'er it,
It adds a lovelier grace.

Each day some new-born beauty
Is nursing into life;
I know not which is dearest—
My baby or my wife.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE TABLEAUX VIVANS.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

Or what benefit could it be to the world at large; or how would the happiness and well being of mankind in general be promoted, by a knowledge of the exact locality and name of the town, county and state, in which the pathetic occurrence I am about to relate, took place? Very little, truly. Let it suffice, therefore, for that enlightened and discriminating portion of the community, for which I write—and of which I have no doubt you are a distinguished ornament—that it was in a very pleasant and romantic rural district, not above eighty miles by railroad from the identical spot in which, with a countenance beaming with delighted interest, you are now perusing this remarkable document.

In that quiet and romantic rural district, I say, there stood, and for aught I know to the contrary, still stands, a large, three story, brick mansion, with bright green blinds upon its windows, and a bright, brass plate upon the front door, upon which—the plate, not the door—were inscribed divers hieroglyphics, which being deciphered, read somewhat after the following manner:

"Boarding and day school for young ladies, Miss Penelope Smithers, Principal. Please close the door."

Which astounding information was further disseminated to an anxious and inquiring world, by means of a gratuitous yearly distribution of those letters or circulars, which are so regularly and uselessly dropped at our doors; and which, in the case in question, set forth among numberless other inducements, that at Miss Smithers's establishment, young ladies not only enjoyed all the comforts of home, but likewise were instructed in such a wonderfully ingenious manner as to cause them to imbibe an incredible amount of knowledge, in an excessively limited period, besides which, there would be inculcated such a system of fearful morality, and frigid decorum, as could be obtained at no other spot upon the face of the earth except at Miss Smithers's academy, or enjoyed by any other human beings beside those singularly favored virgins who were delivered over to the watchful care of Miss Smithers, herself. All of which, I have no doubt, is very right and proper, though it strikes me as rather a dubious compliment to those young damsels, whose parents consider such a course of discipline necessary. Be that as it may, it exactly suited the ideas of the Hon. Ezekiel Tompkins, M. C., as that gentleman having read the document twice over, examined it carefully upside down, and backside too; laid it upon his study table with an expression of satisfaction, exclaiming at the same time:

"That is precisely the place to which Lucy ought to go, and go she shall, this very afternoon, too!"

And in furtherance of his declared intention, he straightway sat himself down and indited an epistle to Miss Smithers, informing that venerable and chaste spinster, that "in consequence of an unfortunate, though ridiculous penchant which his daughter had conceived for a person immeasurably her inferior in position, he (the Hon. Ezekiel Tompkins, M. C.) had arrived at the conclusion that it would be for his daughter's best interest to leave home for a short time; and as her education was by no means completed, he (the Hon. Tompkins) had after mature deliberation, decided to entrust her to the care of Miss P. Smithers, whose excellent seminary was so well and favorably, etc., and whose skill in teaching and moulding the youthful mind was so highly spoken of by all those whose good fortune it had been, etc., etc.," and having signed his name in full, in the largest capitals, and dispatched it to the post, he dismissed the whole subject from his mind, and again turned his attention to the weighty and harrowing affairs of state which are popularly supposed to press so heavily upon the noble men, who sacrifice their time and talents to the interests of the beloved people.

Precisely as that honorable gentleman had predicted, that very afternoon found Miss Lucy Tompkins in tears, a fit of hysterics, and a one horse chaise, accompanied by a faithful domestic, *en route* for the before mentioned pleasant and romantic district; which in due course of time she reached in safety, and from that time forward became an inmate of Miss Smithers's hospitable mansion; where, as the place is in reality a very reputable and comfortable one, we will leave her for a short period, while instituting some inquiries as to the individual spoken of by the Hon. Tompkins, as "a person immeasurably her (Miss Lucy's) inferior in position, for whom she (Miss Lucy) had conceived an unfortunate though ridiculous penchant," and this individual, as the reader will doubtless be surprised to learn, was no other than Augustus Fitz Edward Mortimer, a young gentleman respectably connected, very long in legs, and of immense though unappreciated genius. Such at least, was the opinion entertained by himself and friends, and for aught I know to the contrary they were right, for I will frankly own I am no judge of the description of talent he was supposed to possess. Need I say he was a poet; and if he had not the astonishing genius claimed for him by his friends, I can only say appearances belied him atrociously, for he looked and acted the poet to perfection. No one who had beheld that lofty brow, that pale and sickly countenance, the absent though meditative expression of the bluish eyes, and the studiously careless manner of arranging his thin hair—which he wore long for the convenience of digging his two claws into during moments of inspiration—No one, I say, who had beheld all this, could have doubted for an instant that Augustus was troubled either with an overwhelming genius or the dyspepsia.

How or in what manner the acquaintance between these two individuals was first brought about, I am unable to state, all the earlier circumstances being enveloped in a thick veil of mystery which I have in vain endeavored to penetrate; but to the best of my knowledge, something like two years had elapsed previous to the opening of my story, during which, a slight acquaintance had ripened into an acquaintance much more intimate, the step from this, to permanent and undying friendship was short; and we all know the time required for friendship to degenerate into love—and the period was uncommonly short in the present instance.

The state of Miss Lucy's affections was early discovered by her father, who was of course highly indignant that a young man of Mortimer's rank in life should aspire to the hand of a daughter of an M. C. Not but what Augustus was respectable enough, but it unfortunately happened that he was one of that numerous class who delight in calling themselves "Nature's noble men," the long and short of which term, as I understand it, means neither more nor less, than that the said aristocrats derive their patent of nobility from a lamentable and chronic paucity of shillings; at least, this feature is almost invariably strikingly apparent in each individual case.

In view of these facts the Hon. Tompkins forthwith expelled Augustus from his house, and forbade Lucy seeing or communicating with him again in any manner, upon pain of his high displeasure; and having no doubt that his commands would be obeyed, the whole matter passed from his mind. But profound legislator though he was, he could not outwit the bare legged little god, who time out of mind has delighted in overcoming obstacles, and circumventing "heavy fathers."

The young people still continued to meet as before, the only difference being that whereas they formerly enjoyed each other's society in the parlor, they now met in the back kitchen, to which classic precinct our persevering lover was regularly admitted through the instrumentality of the cook—whose devoted services had been purchased at a ruinous price—two or three evenings in the week, after the family had retired for the night; and there, amid pots and pans, mops and Bristol brick, in an atmosphere redolent with the fames of "biled dinner," these two loving hearts held sweet communion.

A long time these, all the more delightful because stolen interviews continued, while emboldened by success in eluding discovery, they gradually relaxed their precautions against such a disastrous result, until one unfortunate evening it chanced that the Hon. Tompkins sat up rather later than usual, in consequence of being engaged in writing an impromptu speech upon the importance of erecting a light-house at Lowell, a subject to which he was devoted heart and soul. But for some cause, his thoughts refused to form themselves into words with the accustomed facility, and having written, "Had I, gentlemen, entertained the slightest possible intention of addressing this meeting on the present occasion, I should have endeavored to prepare myself in a manner to show my sense of the importance of the subject, and the tremendous interests involved; but being called upon thus unexpectedly, I must beg your indulgence for a few crude, and common-place remarks—"

Here he stuck fast, and having ruminated some time without being able to complete the sentence in a satisfactory manner, it occurred to him that a little of that old Port of the vintage of —32, might enable him to proceed. Under the impression that every one in the house had retired, he descended to the cellar to procure the desired article himself, when, upon passing the kitchen door, he was startled by the sound of voices; stealthily opening the door a sight met his eyes, which if it did not cause the hon. gentleman's hair to stand on end, it most certainly caused him to grit his honorable teeth in a most ferocious manner.

Reclining in a graceful attitude upon the refrigerator, was Miss Lucy, while in the very centre of a small puddle—which as far as my observation extends, is invariably to be found in front of those useful domestic Arctic regions—were the knees of Augustus, as that young gentleman, despite his decidedly uncomfortable position, poured forth a tale of love "in words that burn." Our hon. friend had arrived just in season to hear the conclusion of his speech, and Lucy's softly murmured "Thine, thine forever, Augustus."

As may be supposed, the scene was in no way calculated to soothe the excited feelings of the angry sire. The blood of all the Tompkinses was aroused. To rush across the kitchen, and seize the presumptuous poet by the collar, was the act of an instant. A terrific scene ensued. For a moment a pair of very long legs might have been seen making rapid strides for the back door, while a heavy boot, enclosing a wrathful human foot was alternately elevated and depressed with astonishing celerity and vigor in the immediate vicinity of those retreating legs. At the same time, Miss Lucy, wholly overcome, or rather, unmanned at the sudden interruption and flight of her adored adorer, lifted up her voice in a succession of shrieks and squeals, which continued uninterruptedly, with at least four young lady power, until the whole household was alarmed and rushing to the rescue; when she very properly saw fit to go off into a fainting fit, than which our heroine could have resorted to no better alternative, as it effectually relieved her from the unpleasant necessity of entering into disagreeable explanations. Through the combined efforts of the whole family she was removed to her room, where she passed the night in an insensible, or rather senseless condition; and the next day was the one in which we have seen the Hon. Tompkins pursuing Miss Smithers's circular, and also the one on which Miss Lucy set out for the above mentioned pleasant and romantic district.

Waft us, O Muse, through time and space, till we again our lovely heroine shall see; quick speed thy flight, and set us down before the bright brass plate on Miss P. Smithers's door. Can it be, that among my readers there is one whose education has been so miserably neglected that he does not know all and singular of the making up of a young lady's boarding-school, from the centre even unto the circumference? I think not, for I take it every boy's experience must have been similar to yours and mine, and every man having been once a boy, it follows that all men must be somewhat informed upon the subject.

Do you remember, my dear sir, when long ago we were rivals for the smiles of that little red-haired divinity with gray eyes, who was at Miss Tweedle's seminary, at the time we attended Doctor Thrashwell's school? How we used to prowl about the young ladies' boarding-house, in expectation of we didn't know what? Do you remember when at distant intervals, we were admitted into that—to us—magnificent apartment, where the young ladies were wont to collect; the same room that contained the spindle-shanked piano, upon which that hatchet-faced, red-nosed Mdlle. Stretchfinger, who the girls hated so, and who we hated too, as in duty bound, used to teach those interminable, not to say intolerable marches?

Do you remember, I say, how we used to sit bolt upright against the wall, scarcely daring to lift our eyes, and blushing clear down to the tips of our too nails whenever addressed by any of the young ladies, who chattered and giggled among themselves with such astounding volubility, who we feared, and not without reason, were making fun of us? and when, after a deplorably awkward bow, we made our exit from the house, do you remember with what complacency we talked of the gallantry we had displayed, and how atrociously we bragged to our school mates of the impression we had made? And above all, do you remember the young ladies themselves; that sentimental Miss Manfred, who always looked so melancholy, and of whom it was darkly rumored that she had concealed in her trunk, the whole of Byron's works, and could herself write poetry "*be* uitfully!" and the lively Miss Squid, who had such roguish eyes, and who got credit for all the mischief that was perpetrated in the house, and the other young ladies who had no distinguishing traits, but looked and dressed so much alike, that it was no difficult thing to imagine, that on several rolls of young lady had been rolled out, after the manner of making candy, and chopped off to order, in different lengths to suit customers? By calling to mind these little circumstances, and others of like nature, the train of recollection will bring before you Miss Tweedle's school as it was, in your youthful days, and as a consequence Miss Smithers's school as it is; for I take it one boarding school must be as near like another boarding school, as one batch of twenty or thirty young ladies resemble another batch of the same number.

If the obliging reader will have the kindness to exert himself a little, and jump over the short space of two months, he will be rewarded by witnessing a most remarkable state of affairs at Miss Smithers's establishment. It is near the close of the term, and the venerable principal has determined that the examination and succeeding exhibition shall be conducted in such a style of splendor that the young ladies shall have nothing else in their mouths during the vacation beside, "O, we had such nice times at Miss Smithers! O, my! if you had been at our examination. We never do so at Miss Smithers! We always do so at Miss Smithers," and such like remarks common to young ladies from school, which, no doubt you have listened to a thousand times with so much amusement as to render it difficult to refrain from laughing, and just enough admiration for the young lady herself to prevent your being guilty of such rudeness.

In pursuance of this plan, the whole house had been one scene of anarchy and confusion for the preceding week. The young ladies' rooms had the appearance of a fleet of milliners' shops beating into port against a head wind, with a heavy sea running. The dining room, which had been invaded by a horde of young ladies, sacked and turned into a place for rehearsal, wore a subdued and astonished aspect. Every nook and every quarter of the house, "from night till morn, from morn till dewy eve," could be heard the indistinct tones of the young ladies practising their parts.

Rushing hurriedly through the passages might be seen more young ladies, some in old dresses for working; some in fancy dresses for exhibition; others in no dresses at all, flying hastily to the room of some other young lady to implore her assistance in doing that inevitable something or other which young ladies invariably require of each other, but what, I have never been able exactly to determine; while from the music-room there ever and anon resounded dismal shrieks, rising high and discordant above the eternal jangle of the piano, as some aspiring and vigorous musical genius whacked away at the keys, in preparation for the coming exposition.

But amid the general change, no place was more changed than the school room; the efforts of several wonder working gentlemen in green baize jackets had been incessant; desks had been removed and seats put up; the places that formerly knew the black boards now knew them no more. The upper portion of the room where whilom Miss Smithers sat in calm dignity supervising the instructions of her disciples, was now turned into a stage for histrionic display, and that never failing resource of young ladies, tableaux. In this connection I would inquire, in no invidious spirit, but merely to gratify my curiosity, Did you ever know a decidedly plain young lady to propose tableaux? If not why are young ladies to whom this description will not apply, so consumedly fond of them? Nor had the labors of the young ladies themselves been less important than those of the carpenters; uniting the *dulce* with the *utile*, no end of metamorphoses had taken place. Ovid was a mere bungler, compared with them. An unsightly store, under their magic touch, became a pedestal for a magnificent chalk goddess. A barrel head stuck round with candles and adorned with a tasteful arrangement of evergreen, to its surprise suddenly found itself suspended from the ceiling, no despisable chandelier. Around the walls, and above the windows, more evergreen entwined itself, while at intervals from between the boughs, magnificent plaid silk roses bloomed forth with a profusion and luxuriance you would scarcely expect considering their pitch pine paternity. Overhead, multitudes of striped gingham songsters perched, or rather roosted upon the pendant twigs of a gorgeous calico orange tree. The whole place in fact, looked a scene of enchantment, and well calculated to strike the beholder with delighted awe; leading the mind into delicious reveries, alternating between the orange groves of the sunny south, and a Washington Street dry-goods store. If such feelings were excited when the room was vacant, what must be the effect when lighted up with the presence of youth and beauty, adorned with still larger pieces of the same patterns of silk, gingham and calico.

A dozen times at least within the preceding week, had a programme of the proceedings been promulgated to the anxious villagers and friends of the pupils; and as often with the characteristic indecision of the female mind, revoked for revision and addition. The main order of performance was definitely settled, there was to be reading of compositions, music, declamation, and though last, most important, tableaux.

But where, amid all this life and excitement is our heroine? does she mingle in these joyous scenes? is she the gayest among the gay? or does she hour after hour, with thread and needle and scissors, sit patiently hatching gingham birdlings? Ah no! her sorrow is too deep, her woe too delightfully excruciating to admit of such alleviations. From the hour of her admittance into the school, she had been the acknowledged martyr and injured innocent of the establishment. The other young ladies with the characteristic sympathy of school girls, pitied and commiserated her unhappy state to within a decimal fraction of her existence. Her delight had been, and was, to weep freely about the house at unseasonable hours, gazing wistfully at the moon, when there was one, thereby keeping herself wheezed up with a chronic cold, which prevented her speaking as plainly as would be desirable for a heroine of romance.

Much had she to say—and often did she say it—about the loved and lost ones. A dozen times, at least, had she communicated to every one of her schoolmates the melancholy fact that she felt an inward consciousness of approaching dissolution, and, altogether, conducted herself in such a remarkable manner that her tender hearted companions entertained no doubt whatever, if something or other did not speedily occur to relieve in some measure her weight of woe, that she would in a moment of depressing slay herself outright, from sheer disgust of life. Vainly had she been urged and besought to throw off her gloom and despondency, and take part in the coming festival; but the effort was too great; in one thing only could she be induced to lend her aid. The lady's character in the tableau of the "Doomed Lovers," was to be taken by Lucy Tompkins, while the part of doomed lover was to be enacted by a gentleman, whose name had not transpired, but who at the time was stopping at the village hotel.

The agile reader having rested himself from his late exertion, will now be in a condition to hop lightly over a day or so, which will not only bring him up to the evening for which all these preparations have been made, but also into the school room itself. The young ladies have dispersed themselves in graceful groups about the room, looking very bewitching and very pretty—though there is nothing at all uncommon about this last; your own observations must, I think, have disclosed to you the fact that the great majority, indeed, *all* girls between the ages of sixteen and a still higher number (which it is unnecessary to mention), will persist (such is the perversity of the female character) in looking pretty, with a reckless—I had almost said heartless—disregard of the sleepless nights and shattered hearts of the rising generation of our country's defenders.

The girls who were to commence the performance were giggling and tittering audibly behind the curtain, which separated the stage from the audience. The candles flared, and smoked, and spluttered; the chalk goddess looked surprisingly like marble, while the striped gingham birds appeared most lifelike.

It became evident quite early in the evening, that the hall would not only be filled, but that the audience would consist of the *elite* of the surrounding country. Among others the doctor, the minister and the lawyer made their appearance. Deacon Fitz Fanalic's carriage had hardly quitted the door, when the Hon. Mr. Fitz Fusion's family coach drove up, and delivered its burden, quickly followed by half a dozen lesser lights. The representative from the adjoining town arrived in a buggy and pair. Mr. Acquiess, the great cotton manufacturer and philanthropist, arrived in a chaise; and a couple of dashing young sparks—Mr. Jinx, and his friend Tompkins, from Pugwash, whose advent occasioned no little flutter among Miss Smithers's young ladies—in very muddy boots; for the fact was, these gentlemen's credit at the time being in a rather depressed condition with the stablekeepers, they were obliged either to forego the pleasure of witnessing the exhibition, which neither Tompkins nor myself was at all disposed to do, or, as the alternative, foot it the entire distance from Pugwash, which they did.

It would be useless, as well as unentertaining, to describe the various performances of that eventful evening; suffice it that everything went off to the satisfaction of the parties concerned, until all else being completed, preparations were made to commence the tableaux. It would be difficult to form an adequate conception of the expectant impatience which exercised the audience during the somewhat prolonged interval that intervened before the stage was in readiness for the spectacle; or, rather, I should say, the majority of the audience; for that rascal, Jinx, was so busily engaged in making love to a little black-eyed girl in the corner, that I dare say he would have been perfectly satisfied had there been an interval of a month between each performance. Not so with the rest of the audience, who kept their eyes fixed on the curtain (twelve feet by six and a half) before them with ill concealed impatience, while from behind, a confused scrabbling of feet, mingled with agitated whispers, indicated that the performers, although doing their best to accomplish something, were by no means ready to do it.

At length, when the patience of the whole party was well nigh exhausted, Miss Smithers's dinner bell was heard to ring behind the screen. Instantly, the hum and buzz of conversation ceased, and each person sank back into his or her seat, and anxiously awaited the second summons. Even Jinx paused in his *love* making. Again the bell tinkled, and the curtain became convulsed, gently, at first, but gradually increasing in violence for some minutes, while the bell continued to be rung furiously. But the curtain was doubtless a politician, and refused to raise from a single plank of the platform. Something was evidently wrong. The curtain ceased its agitation, and was succeeded by a vigorous hammering. But a few blows had been struck, which, by the way, sounded preternaturally loud in the crowded room, when the sharp, ringing concussion was suddenly interrupted by a sound soft and spongy, so to speak, as though the hammer, instead of hitting the destined nail, had struck somebody's thumb; nor was the suspicion in the least removed by the stifled sound of suppressed blasphemy which instantly succeeded.

Another prolonged interval ensued, when, as the curtain could not be persuaded to go up, a compromise was effected, and it was lowered down, disclosing to the admiring gaze of the brilliant and fashionable audience, a scene from Blue Beard, and exceedingly well done it was, too.

Fatima (Miss Squid), in a very short dress, and spacious lower garments, with head thrown back and arms extended, was evidently imploring mercy from Blue Beard (Mr. Smith, the carpenter, and a very meritorious man), who, with a large carving knife grasped in one hand, whilst with the other he clinched the shrinking form of Fatima, had not, to all appearance, the remotest idea of doing anything whatever, to judge from his countenance, which wore a rather frightened aspect than otherwise.

This scene passed off admirably. The somewhat constrained and unnatural position of the parties, which usually injures the effect of tableaux, being pleasantly overcome by Fatima giving vent to a giggle, and Blue Beard delivering himself of a snort, whereupon they both ran off the stage. This little episode had a very pretty effect, agreeably relieving the gloom which such a tragic scene would otherwise be likely to produce, and which I would earnestly recommend to the consideration of all persons addicted to tableaux.

The succeeding scene passed off equally well, until the tableau of the "doomed lovers," which was to be the last, was about to be performed. For some reason, the gentleman who had volunteered to do the doomed lover, was unavoidably detained until the last moment; consequently, it was not until the instant of going upon the stage that Miss Lucy first caught sight of the person who was to be her partner in the picture. They advanced from opposite sides of the platform, to take their places, at the same instant. The gentleman, who was somewhat tall and thin, with a high forehead, and rather long in the legs, moved gracefully to the spot assigned him. Not so, Miss Lucy. What means that sudden tremor, that flushed countenance? "What do I see?" she cried, in trembling accents. "'Tis, 'tis—yes no, 'tisn't—yes, it is—it is Augustus!" and bounding forward, she pitched herself in among the outstretched arms of that young gentleman, who clasped them about her very much as you have seen Mr. Davenport do to black eyed Susan, in the drama of that name.

Such an unexpected denouement very naturally had the effect to break up the exhibition in no little confusion, in the midst of which Miss Lucy and Mr. Augustus disappeared; and although "they sought her that night, they sought her next day," she was not to be found, and the disconsolate Miss Smithers was forced to content herself with the knowledge that on the morning succeeding the exhibition, as the Hon. Ezekiel Tompkins, M. C., was sitting in his study, the door was thrown open, and a tall young gentleman, with a rather sheepish expression, accompanied by a young lady, entered the room. The lady, who was no other than his daughter, rushed forward, and flopping herself down at his feet, repeated again and again the touching request: "Father, father, do not curse me!" in the most beseeching tone imaginable. But the reply of the old man simply was: "Don't make a fool of yourself, Lucy." Then, after scanning the long-legged poet: "And so this is your husband, is it? Well, as it is done now, I suppose we must make the best of it."

And they did make the best of it, for, in conversation with the Hon. Mr. Tompkins, lately, he said that his son-in-law, who is domesticated at his house, was, in reality, extremely useful to him as his secretary, and made, in fact, a very good husband for Lucy, who, he said, was almost as big a fool as himself. Beside which, I understand his poetical talents are beginning to be appreciated, indeed, a very pretty sonnet of twenty five lines appeared in a late issue of one of our magazines, and was extensively copied.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE DISTANT LAND.

BY KIT CARLYLE.

There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest.—Job 3: 17.

Tossed on the surging billows,
Wearied in the storms of life;
Harassed by the world's commotions—
Earthly struggles—earthly strife;
With throbbing hearts we turn our gaze
Towards the regions of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Fair to the eye that angel home—
Bright and dazzling forms are there,
And o'er the plains of heaven they roam,
Happy beings—free from care;
Children of the King of kings,
Of a land are they possessed,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Though we be doomed to years of toil,
And trials ever hard to bear,
Still, 'tis but naught—for are there not
Angels ever pointing there?
Lifting up to us the veil
From off that land, of all lands best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the sands of life run low,
And the parting hour is near,
Pilgrim, sigh not, on that shore
Again thou'lt meet those friends so dear.
Let not vain regrets o'ertake thee,
Be hope the anchor to thy soul,
And make ready for thy journey,
To that land, thy future goal;
Then calmly lay thy body down.—
Hands folded meekly on thy breast,
And pass to where all cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MY AUNT ADELAIDE.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

At the parsonage, there was what we little folks called "a grand time," that Thanksgiving day. As many of us as could gather together there, for the storm, made the great parlor merry with our own happiness. There were our grandparents, seated in their own easy-chairs, on either side of the wide chimney place, alternately watching, with amused interest, the merriment of the young ones, and talking over their early days, and bringing back many a pleasant Thanksgiving that had passed with their own youth.

Then there was Uncle Herbert, "the pastor," sitting by grandmama's side. Handsome was Minister Grahame, and gentle, and good, and noble-hearted; an upright, earnest-souled man, and in every sense a Christian. How we loved him! He always allowed us to be as merry as we pleased, provided we were not boisterous, and he not unfrequently gladdened our hearts by joining himself in our mirthful games. He was never stern, or gloomy, or austere; for moods to which these names can be applied, are not those of a true Christian. He was always gentle, genial, friendly; with ready sympathies for all; showing us, in his daily life, and his beautiful character, what true Christianity is.

There, too, were Uncle Edmund, and his wife, and their lovely daughter, the seventeen-year-old Clara, Harold and Ellen, John and Margaret, the two next married pairs, followed; and to them we four little ones belonged. Then came Aunt Adelaide, the youngest of the daughters. And Aunt Adelaide was thirty years old, and unmarried.

If I had always thought my Aunt Adelaide perfection itself, it was especially so on that particular Thanksgiving night; when, with the fire-light playing over the satin-shining bands and braids of her chestnut hair, and sparkling in her handsome, kindly brown eyes, she sat in her own favorite corner of the nearest window-seat, and gathered the children about her, to tell them stories. All the young people seemed to take to my Aunt Adelaide naturally; and Clara herself, our seventeen-year-old girl, sat at her feet, to listen to the beautiful stories, just like the rest of the children.

So, while the grandparents, and the elder daughters and sons discovered among themselves around the blazing hearth, Adelaide Grahame, in her own pleasant, winning, sensible way, kept us gathered in a quiet, attentive circle about her, telling the most beautiful and instructive fairy tales that a good-natured author ever wrote. For fairy tales *are* instructive—ay, and useful, too, say what you will.

Adelaide was a lovely woman. I remember that this was the burden of my thoughts that night, as I stood by her side, with my hand lying clasped in hers, and my eyes fixed upon her fair, calm, noble face; for much as I loved story telling, I could not help thinking of her and her beauty, too; so that I sometimes lost the thread of the narrative, for very admiration of the fascinating narrator.

It was something quite incomprehensible to me, that she had never married; for I could not conceive of attractions greater than those which she possessed. But it was true that her thirtieth year had arrived, and Adelaide remained a single woman, and dwelt still in the old parsonage, with her parents and her brother Herbert. And a blessing she was to the place that claimed her. For beauty, and goodness, and excellent sense, for powerful intellect, and nobleness of soul, Adelaide ranked a very queen among women. It was not, however, as I knew when I grew older, that none had ever sought her hand, for Clara told me afterwards that my beautiful aunt had declined a score of offers before her twenty-fifth year, and eligible offers, too.

But I did not know it then; and I wondered quietly and curiously, as I stood there, that she was always there to tell us stories, and keep us in good order, whenever we came.

The fairy story was ended.

"Ah, how charming that was! Tell us more!" cried the children, eagerly. I alone was silent.

"Well," laughed Aunt Adelaide, "I must think of another, I suppose. Be patient a moment, my dears." And there was a moment of silence.

"Ellen Aubrey," said my Uncle Herbert's voice, close beside me. "Ellen Aubrey, what is there in your aunt's face, which so deeply interests you?"

I looked up. He stood by me, with folded arms, his amused and penetrating glance fixed on mine.

"You have not heard a single word she has been saying, for the last ten minutes," he went on. "Tell me your thoughts."

I looked from him to my young companions. I was three years older than any of them. Then I looked at Clara. She was waiting for my answer. Aunt Adelaide was thinking of the proposed story: but all the rest of those girls and boys!—

Uncle Herbert's fine eyes sparkled. "O, well, you needn't tell it before them," he said. "Come over to that great chair with me, where nobody but you and I can hear."

And crossing the room, he placed himself in the above mentioned chair, and perched me on his knee. "Now for it, Ellen."

"Uncle Herbert, I was thinking about Aunt Adelaide. I was wishing, when you spoke to me, that she would get married, like Aunt Margaret, and Aunt Eveline, and my mama."

"That's my frank Ellen! Well, but I cannot say that I quite agree with you in your wish. What should I do without my good sister Adelaide? What would Adelaide's father and mother do, do you suppose?"

"I can't tell, sir. But why shouldn't she marry, like the rest?"

He laughed, and then grew grave. "True enough, why shouldn't she, Ellen? But don't talk about so dreadful a thing! Maybe, Aunt Adelaide will take it into her head to fly off, some day; but we mustn't suggest such a flight you know. It never would do in the world!"

"Uncle Herbert, I meant to ask her. I am glad you told me not, if you wouldn't like it."

"So am I." And he smiled.

"But you wont tell grandpapa, and grandmama, and the rest, what I have said to you?"

"No, Ellen, I will not," he answered.

I slid down from his knee, and then stood where I had landed, listening to a sound without.

"Now what, Ellen?"

"I hear sleigh-bells, Uncle Herbert."

He listened also, with inclined head.

"So do I. Sleigh-bells are no very uncommon things, but I confess they surprise me to-night. I thought the road was completely blocked up."

We went together to a window, and he drew aside the curtain. The snow had ceased to fall. The night was fine and clear. A plain of starlit whiteness extended for miles away on every hand. You could not see the road for drifts; but thundering up through them, coming from the direction of the town, were viable a pair of powerful black horses, and a sleigh, with three or four persons in it. For a moment, the horses were reined in; then their heads were turned towards the open gateway of the carriage drive, leading to the door.

"It is somebody coming here," said my uncle, letting the curtain fall; and with a word to the rest, he left the room, and crossed the hall to open the door. I went with him.

A flood of light poured out upon the snowy drive, revealing the horses, the sleigh, and the people at once. There was a man in a shaggy overcoat, who sprang from the sleigh, and advancing towards my uncle, said, in brief and plain speech, yet with a certain courteousness of manner that softened some little apparent testiness of feeling:

"Sir, we must beg pardon for this intrusion, but the fact is, that my horses here are unable to go further up the road, which is quite impassable beyond this, and I am forced to entreat your hospitality for a few hours, till men can clear a way down from the Hedge."

"You are quite welcome, sir," returned my uncle—"you are quite welcome. Come directly in, if you please; I will send a servant to attend to your horses. Ellen," to me—"run and speak to Thomas, my dear."

I ran, and when I came back, I found three persons in the hall—the gentleman whom I had first seen, who turned out to be Mr. Arthurson, our new neighbor of the Hedge (a fine estate somewhat more than a mile beyond the parsonage), his ward, Richard Hilton, a young and handsome man, and—I mention her last, because I must tell how beautiful she was—a young girl, of sixteen or seventeen, standing just under the hall lamp, so that the light fell full on her bright, fair curls, her white brow, and flushed cheeks, and left in violet shadow the sweet, shy eyes, that looked bashfully about, and then dropped to the floor again. My Aunt Adelaide had come out, and my mother; and they were taking off the cumbersome cloak that enveloped her little figure. She was Louise Milward, the niece of Mr. Arthurson.

Their wrappings removed, our guests were introduced to the company in the parlor. We found they had come from C——, that afternoon, with the expectation of reaching the Hedge by eight o'clock, and had got on very well, until the drifts up the road impeded their further progress. They were cordially invited to take up their quarters at the parsonage, until the road was broken up. There was no prospect of their being able to push on, for two or three days.

A slight appearance of impatience, consternation and amusement was visible among them at this announcement; and no wonder, for Richard Hilton and pretty Louise Milward were to have been married, at Mr. Arthurson's house, that evening!

"*Cannot* we get on, I wonder?" was Mr. Hilton's serious inquiry. He seemed disappointed. Pretty Louise laughed with Clara at the delay. Richard would have the groom up, to get his opinion. Thomas was called; he listened, calculated the strength of the horses, and shook his head dubiously, in answer to the inquiry of Mr. Hilton whether there was any possibility of a messenger reaching the Hedge.

"No, sir, I dinna think ye'll get there the night," was his decision.

"Well, my dear sir," said Uncle Edmund, laughingly, to Mr. Arthurson—"since there is no prospect of your reaching the Hedge to-night, and this evening was set for the marriage, why should it not take place, still? My brother Herbert, here will, I am sure, be only too happy to offer his services."

Mr. Arthurson turned quickly to my Uncle Herbert. "Indeed!" he muttered, scanning him rapidly. Then—"I beg your pardon," aloud—"then we are at the Grahame Parsonage, after all? I thought as much at first."

My Uncle Herbert bowed, and said something confirmatory of his brother's words. Mr. Arthurson meditated a moment, and then referred the matter to Richard Hilton. In a moment all were discussing it, while the lovely little bride elect trembled and blushed like a rose leaf, and seemed wavering between smiles and tears.

"You had better not postpone it, my dears," said our grandmother, "people say there's no good in putting off a wedding."

And all, were on grandmother's side. All declared that it would be a charming thing to have a wedding to vary the evening's entertainment; and the aunts clustered about the little Louise, with all sorts of encouragement. The children were in a fever of excitement. Clara Howell fluttered about with delight.

I stole my Uncle Herbert's hand. "Wouldn't it be splendid to have a wedding, uncle?" I asked, confidently; "now *don't* you think it would?"

He looked amused. "I think it would be decidedly fine, my little Ellen. Why can't you use your influence with the lady?"

"I don't dare. They wouldn't mind me, I'm so little. But you just go and say something to Mr. Hilton. It's all he wants, I'm sure."

Uncle Herbert laughed. "You are a person of decided penetration, Ellen. Aunt Adelaide could not have covered the case better herself." And he crossed over to Mr. Hilton's chair.

And while they were all talking, Mr. Arthurson stood with his back to the fire, his arms folded on his chest, and his eyes fixed on the floor. I have not described Mr. Arthurson yet.

He was a rather tall, and square-built man, with a form that displayed at once strength, activity and grace; yes, certainly grace, for I could not help admiring it. His head was massive, and covered with abundant, close-curled locks of black, silken hair; the forehead was broad and square, the eyes very dark, and large, with spirit and penetration flashing from beneath their heavy brows; the nose and mouth expressive of pride, firmness, decision and energy. Nature had used no delicate chisel—no exquisite marble here. In an hour of inspiration—with rough materials and a free hand, she had hewn out a form and face in which power and beauty lived and breathed. He started suddenly from his silent mood; leaving his position by the hearth, he advanced towards the group at the opposite side of the room.

"Well, Richard—Louise! have you decided?" was his question, asked in that brief, abrupt manner characteristic of him. "Mr. Grahame, what have you been able to effect?"

Uncle Herbert and the rest had pretty well persuaded the young people to have the matter consummated then and there; but both evinced some little natural hesitation about appearing as the sole actors in so large a company, and all strangers.

"O, we must find some couple to stand up with them," said my mother, gaily. "Come, who will volunteer? We must have a bridesmaid and groomsman, good people."

Everybody began to look about him, and then there was a general laugh. Besides my Uncle Herbert, there was no unmarried gentleman in the company, except Mr. Arthurson himself. He was pressed into service.

"The mischief's in it!" he muttered. "This comes of people's getting married! Well! I yield—with all the resignation I possess. And now, mesdames, since you have selected me, I beg leave to make choice of a partner. Miss Grahame!"—and he bent, with deferential grace over my Aunt Adelaide's chair—"may I ask you to favor me with your assistance?"

She was evidently a little startled by the suddenness of the application. I think she had been calculating on Clara for the part of bridesmaid; but she quietly assented.

And now the laughter and merriment quite subsided. Everybody grew still. What a serious moment that was! I remember that it seemed to me, just then, that there was something really awful in standing up to be married. I heartily repented my wish about my Aunt Adelaide. I was very thankful, on the whole, that she was not the bride.

The wedding was like all other weddings, I dare say; but I could have told not a word of the proceedings then, for I saw nothing but my Aunt Adelaide, in her gray silk dress, crossing the room with Mr. Arthurson. She looked handsomely; she was quiet, and self-possessed. Mr. Arthurson looked down at her, and he admired her as much as I did.

It was over in a few moments; the blessing given—the prayer breathed—and our pretty, shy girl guest was a bride.

Then came kisses and congratulations, and the subdued confusion that follows home-weddings in general. The color came trembling into my Aunt Adelaide's fair cheek, as Mr. Arthurson led her back. He looked down, saw it, and smiled. There was something beautiful exceedingly in that smile.

"You are a little agitated, spite of yourself, Miss Grahame!" he said.

"A little."

"It is quite natural. You gave Louise a great deal of courage, however, the little scared thing!"

"She is young—a mere child. I do not wonder at her timidity; especially in a room filled with strangers. Though, certainly, we need not seem like strangers, since we are friends and neighbors of her uncle."

"No. Then you think that age ought to bestow self-possession? Miss Grahame, I am thirty-nine. I am not at all sure that I shall have the coolness to conduct himself sail-factorily, when the time comes for me to assume the yoke matrimonial. Will you promise to assist in keeping me and my wife in countenance, on that occasion?"

My Aunt Adelaide laughed. "Willingly, if you and your wife desire it."

"It is an agreement. You will remember it?"

"I will remember."

In three days, the roads were cleared, and our bridal party set out for the Hedge. A cordial feeling of friendship had sprung up, during that brief visit, between them and the family at the parsonage. Nobody could help liking frank, boyish, handsome Richard Hilton and his pretty bride; and Mr. Arthurson was equally beloved.

Among my aunt Adelaide's nieces and nephews, I was her favorite next to Clara; and so she persuaded my mother to leave me at the parsonage, when all the other children with their papas and mamas, departed. Thus I remained, much to my satisfaction, with my grandparents, and uncle Herbert, and my beloved aunt Adelaide.

Mr. Hilton and his wife also remained at the Hedge, for some two or three months, and during that time we saw them quite often. Mr. Arthurson, too, rode over occasionally. My uncle Herbert liked him; my grandparents liked him; so did I. I always sat very still when he was near, and obeyed his least command. In return, he loved me; for which, my uncle Herbert sometimes pretended to look very grave.

One bright afternoon, my uncle Herbert came into the room where Aunt Adelaide and I were.

"Adelaide—Ellen, will you drive over to the Hedge with me?" he said.

"If you will take us," she returned, smiling. So we got our bonnets, and accompanied him in the sleigh.

We found Mr. Arthurson smoking, upon the piazza. He threw away book and cigar, and welcomed us cordially.

"Smoking in the cold, sir?" said Adelaide.

"Exactly, I became desperate indoors. Since Richard and Louise have taken their leave, I find it monotonous, this bachelor life of mine. I think seriously of either breaking up housekeeping, or getting married. Which would you advise, Mr. Grahame?"

"I should hesitate about giving advice, in such a case, my dear sir. You must remember that I never tried the benefit of either step."

"Ah, then I must move on my own responsibility, I suppose, and trust, for safety, to the little penetration which I possess. I shall start matters in one way or the other very soon, you may be sure. But I confess that I have become attached to the Hedge, and I am not anxious to leave it, if I can make myself—or get somebody else to make me—content to stay there. It is a fine place, don't you think so, Miss Grahame?" and he turned carelessly to my aunt.

"Yes, it is beautiful," she said. "I frankly confess to a little surprise at your inclination to leave it."

"I should like some one to persuade me into remaining. I came out here for very ennui, fifteen minutes ago, to find company in the spruce-trees, and the icicles."

"Why did you not come over to us?" asked my uncle Herbert.

"I was not company sufficient for myself; how could I bore other people to death? But I beg your pardon (we had been standing all this time in the porch); I believe I have fairly forgotten to invite you to enter. You see, Miss Grahame, I am getting out of date, losing all the manners I ever possessed. (Precious few, by the way!) All the consequence of leading a bachelor's life. I am out of humanity's reach—decidedly!" He went in, preceding us, and threw open the drawing-room door. "*Entrez!* and cheer up my lonely den, for a little while. Seat yourself here, Miss Grahame," drawing a fauteuil from the hearth to the bay-window. "Herbert, make yourself comfortable. Come here, Ellen Aubrey. What is that great book, which you carry?"

"The Encyclopedia, sir, which you sent to my uncle Herbert. We brought it over in the sleigh."

"And I am greatly obliged to you for the use of it, sir," said my uncle.

"A fig for the obligation, my dear friend! The whole library is at your service, on condition that you will exercise the contents sufficiently to prevent the books from getting musty for want of use. By the way, I received a package of volumes from town, yesterday, which I think you will like. They are on the library table. Are you going in? Be kind enough, if you please, to give me an opinion of the engravings, which you will also find there. Tell me if they are right."

Uncle Herbert went. I wanted to go too, but my aunt was holding my hand.

"Adelaide," said Mr. Arthurson, turning to her, "do you remember a certain contract which we made that evening when Louise was married?"

"Yes, sir."

"You abide by it?"

"I do."

"I shall require your assistance in a short time. I have looked about for the person who is to be your companion during the ceremony."

"I suppose you have fixed upon the individual?" said my aunt, with a slight smile.

"Yes, I leave you to decide upon the wisdom of the choice. His name is Robert Arthurson. Will you take him, Adelaide?"

He held out his hand. An expression of mingled astonishment and perplexity blended with the lingering smile in my aunt's eye, and then gave place to a sweet seriousness. She laid her hand in his, without speaking.

I suppose I made big eyes at this incomprehensible scene. I tried to extricate my fingers from my aunt's clasp, with a vague feeling that I was *de trop*. Mr. Arthurson laughed.

"Adelaide, do let that poor child go! She is longing to be safe with Herbert. Away with you, Ellen Aubery! and tell uncle Herbert that we are practising charades—aunt Adelaide and I—for private representation."

And so they were. The charade was enacted at the parsonage, the next Thanksgiving; and the solution was—*Marriage*.

A RARE CHANCE!

WHO WILL WIN THESE PRIZES!

Being resolved to keep THE FLAG OF OUR UNION where it has ever been for the last ten years, in the van of literary weekly newspapers, not only in point of circulation, but in real intrinsic excellence, the proprietor has resolved to offer the following inducement to post-masters, and other energetic individuals, of either sex, to send us clubs for the year commencing January, 1856.

TEN ELEGANT AND RICH PRIZES

are offered in good faith, and shall be awarded with strict honesty and impartiality. The intrinsic value of these prizes is over

Eight Hundred and Fifty Dollars,

so arranged as to be divided among the persons who shall forward to us the ten largest clubs for THE FLAG OF OUR UNION between the 1st of December, 1855 and the 1st day of February, 1856, being a period of about sixty days. The field is open to all, the prizes are elegant and attractive.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

IS AN ELEGANT, MORAL AND REFINED

Miscellaneous Family Journal.

It is now the most popular literary weekly paper in America, a reputation which it has enjoyed for ten years: circulating at the present time more than any other miscellaneous weekly journal in the country, with the exception of *Saliou's Pictorial*.

It is devoted to polite literature, and it embraces

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR, AND NOVELLETTES,

written expressly for the paper by the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an intelligent and instructive companion. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically

A PAPER FOR THE MILLION,

and a welcome visitor to the home circle. It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of

THE MAMMOTH SIZE,

for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an

ORIGINAL PAPER.

THE FLAG is printed on fine white paper, with new, clear and beautiful type, and contains 1240 square inches, being a large weekly paper of eight super-royal quarto pages.

We shall commence the new volume of The Flag of our Union on January 1st with a brilliant and admirably written original novellette by that young and popular author, HORACE B. STANFORD. Mr. Stanford has just returned, after five years residence in the Orient, and this exceedingly interesting story is the result of his experience in the land of the Caliphs. It is entitled:

BEN HAMED:
—OR,—
THE CHILDREN OF FATE.

A TALE OF THE EASTERN WORLD.

We predict for this story the most favorable reception yet accorded to the numerous list of original novelettes which we are constantly publishing in the Flag. With all the dreamy mystery of the East, it has also the exciting plot, and strong delineations of love and passion, that remarkable fatality produces in every clime. We shall introduce in the coming volume of our paper the productions of many new and sterling writers, and make such improvements otherwise as shall enhance the value of this widely circulated and favorite weekly.

THE PRIZES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

To the person who shall send us the *first* largest club, we will present a beautiful new SILVER TEA SET. Tea urn, cream pitcher, sugar bowl, slop dish and silver salver, being five pieces of sterling silver, manufactured for us by Jones, Shreve & Brown, Boston. Value..... $250

To the person who sends us the *second* largest club, we will present a large, fine BOSTON BURLE MEDONON, elegantly cased and suitable for a church or parlor ornament, warranted perfect in all respects. Value..... 175

To the person who shall send us the *third* largest club, we will present an elegant English GOLD LEVER WATCH, chronometer and compensation balance and extra jewels, now and warranted a perfect watch in all respects, and of the best workmanship. Value..... 120

To the person who shall send us the *fourth* largest club, we will present a superb English SILVER LEVER WATCH, same movement as above, new, heavy cased, and perfect in all respects, and warranted as to time and workmanship. Value..... 90

To the person who shall send us the *fifth* largest club, we will present a valuable library of SIXTY BOUND VOLUMES, all new and standard works, embracing biographies, histories, travels, etc., such as should ornament any house circle. Value..... 75

To the person who shall send us the *sixth* largest club, we will present an elegant, brass-bound, portable black walnut WRITING DESK, of the most exquisite workmanship, manufactured to our own order, with secret drawers, etc., by G. S. Tolman, 113 Washington Street, Boston, and furnished with every usual article. Value..... 50

To the person who shall send us the seventh largest club, we will present an elegantly wrought SILK PURSE, suitable for either gentleman or lady, and containing in GOLD DOLLARS, twenty-five dollars. Value..... 30

To the person who shall send us the eighth largest club, we will present a SILVER ENGLISH WATCH, a new and perfect timekeeper, and in all respects suitable for a young lad or miss attending school. Warranted. Value..... 25

To the person who sends us the ninth largest club, we will present four elegant large STEEL ENGRAVINGS, framed in gilt, representing the seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, elegant parlor ornaments. Value..... 20

To the person who sends us the tenth largest club, we will present a FINE GOLD PENCIL CASE AND PEN HOLDER, with gold pen, of a new pattern, an exceedingly beautiful and useful pocket companion. Value..... 15

Every prize is new and perfect in all respects, and may be seen at any hour by calling at our publication office.

TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year..... $2 00
4 subscribers, " 7 00
10 " " 15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers, at the last rate, shall receive the seventeenth copy gratis, so that all are sure of remuneration who exert themselves.

Any person sending us *fifty* subscribers, shall receive the eight volumes complete of our "Pictorial" elegantly and uniformly bound in full gilt, with illustrated titlepage and indexes, containing nearly ten thousand fine illustrations, the price of which is sixteen dollars.

It is very important that the names, accompanied by the money, should be sent to us as fast as they are obtained, that we may be able to print an ample number of papers to meet the demand. Therefore as soon as ten subscribers are obtained, the person who has procured the club can forward them with the money, and he or she can then add to the club any number of names, at the same rate, and the number will be duly credited to the account of the party who sends the subscribers, until the time specified shall expire, that is, up to Feb. 1st, 1856.

It is not requisite that the entire club should be taken in one town; we will send the papers to any neighboring post-office to that where the club is gotten up, but all subscriptions must come through the same agent in order to be counted to his or her credit. Take other men and apply to any regular traveling agent of our papers—the clubs must be bona fide, and each name be sent with the money.

The result will be duly published, and indisputable evidence of the receipt of each prize, by the successful parties, will be given.

Sample copies of the paper furnished gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*
Corner Tremont & Bromfield sts., Boston, Mass.

☞ In writing letters, please be careful to write name of post-office and State plainly as possible, as proper names are often illegible. Also give individual name distinctly.

THE FLAG OF OUR

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, invariably in advance, being expiration of the time paid for. See ☞ All communications designed for this paper, must be addressed to M. M. BALLOU, proprietor of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT

"Romance of the Notch," a tale by
"We have parted," written by R. P.
"The Painter's Christmas," a tale by DUNCAN.
"Beneath the Waters," lines by M.
"The Emigration," a tale by FRANK
"My Country," stanzas by ANNE D.
"Annie Dean," a story by HORACE B. DAVIS, Esq., from the German.
"The Awful Catastrophe at Squire," by Mrs. SARAH M. COLLINS.
"The Forest Flower," stanzas by M.
"Margaret's Three Afternoons," a Lowell.
"A Cottage by the Lake," verses by

ARTICLES PUBLISHED.

"Sonnet," "Hope," "Abby's Fa
"The Sea," "Hope," "Little Allie s
never meet again," and "A Ride in a

CONVERSATION

There are few really good con
ety, though there are plenty of g
can harangue and lecture their a
blers and babblers abound, and
and female gossips in plenty, but
those who possess the art—for it
conversing brilliantly and agree
limited. The most gifted minds
proclaimed the great importance o
St. Evremond says: "Conversa
culiar property of man; the sa
It is the bond of society. By mea
sation the commerce of civil life
minds communicate their ideas,
their emotions, and friendships a
retained." Swift says, in substa
not sure of his words, for we are
memory: "Conversation is the p
mind; not only by enriching it w
it would have obtained with diffic
sources, but by rendering it more v
just, more penetrating, and more
great majority of men, and those e
given the highest culture to their
a great part of their knowledge fr
tion."

This power of the civilized worl
all nations, followed the progress of
soon as men were able to emerge f
cerns of material life, and appreci
nomena by which they were surr
must have experienced the need
cating their ideas, and this want, in
civilization, regulated itself, and
became an art which had its forms
Philosophy, among the ancients, re
self to the colloquial form, and
Academy, when teaching the big
nature and wisdom, conversed with
Probably the most brilliant talkers
were to be found in France, in
Voltaire.

Those unfortunate mortals, to w
that priceless treasure, is so often
find in conversation a diversion as
it is agreeable. Whatever may be
of the necessity for conversing, it
this want is experienced by all men
study and business. It is in scenes
wealthy, who are not subjected to
employment; but it is particularly
men, who are endowed with keener
and condemned by their sex to a me
nous existence. "What a delicious
is!" exclaimed a lady. "What did
seductive there?" asked one of h
"O, I talked all day!" was the reply

Poet, even, among those men who
fessed misanthropy, and led a here
tired from the world, have been pr
the charms of conversing with an
visitor. Timon of Athens is cited as
tion to the rule. He was supping on
Apemantus—another misanthrope lik
They were celebrating together th
"Funeral Libations." After a lon
Apemantus, charmed with the *tete*
claimed: "O, Timon, what an agre
per!" "Yes," replied Timon, "if
not here!"

We may apply to conversation wh
said of travelling. "We learn by it
better than by all the charts in the wo
esteem or despise men, but to know
and, in part, to become acquainted wit

AFFABILITY.—This quality must n
founded with politeness—the latter is
of external polish, the former an ind
goodness of heart. When the Abbe
was presented to Frederick the Great,
sed by his generals, the monarch hel
hand to him, offered him a seat at his
said to him with a simplicity worthy o
roic ages: "We are both of us old;
down together and converse." This w
thing more than mere politeness.

CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.—Mr. W
Kinsler, Box 1228, Philadelphia city p
desires agents to address him who wish f
able and reliable employment. He ans
letters which enclose a postage stamp
return.

NEW PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.—Mr
of Philadelphia, has just finished a por
Washington. It is a copy of the port
Stuart, and is to be presented to the P
vania Historical Society

SUCCESSFUL VOYAGE.—Schooner Al
lately arrived at New Bedford from a v
six months, during which she took 240 bbl
and 6 bbls blackfish oil, worth some $14,

CHANCE!

IN THESE PRIZES!

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION where
at *ten years*, in the van of li-
not only in point of circulation,
ellence, the proprietor has re-
ng inducement to post-masters,
iduals, of either sex, to send us
ncing January, 1856.

AND RICH PRIZES

and shall be awarded with strict
The intrinsic value of these

and Fifty Dollars,

ed among the persons who shall
gest clubs for THE FLAG OF OUR
f December, 1855 and the 1st day
a period of about sixty days.
e prises are elegant and attractive.

OF OUR UNION

', MORAL AND REFINED

Family Journal.

at literary weekly paper in Amer-
It has enjoyed for *ten years* / ele-
ition more than any other miscel-
the country, with the exception

literature, and it embraces

S, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY,
IOGRAPHIES, WIT AND
D NOVELLETTES,

paper by the best and most pop-
ers. It is also spiced with a rec-
of the times, of peace and war,
ements occurring in either hem-
gent and instructive companion.
ectarian questions, it is strictly
g it emphatically

OR THE MILLION,

to the home circle. It contains
news of the day, so condensed
possible amount of intelligence.
mitted to the paper, thus offer-
ich is of

MMOTH SIZE,

musement of the general reader.
ntributors are regularly engaged,
is under the most finished and
dence can suggest, forming an

AL PAPER.

fine white paper, with new, clear
contains 1249 square inches, be-
f eight super-royal quarto pages.

the new volume of The Flag of
d with a brilliant and admirably
e by that young and popular au-
hor. Mr. Stanford has just re-
esidence in the Orient, and this
tory is the result of his experi-
aliphs. It is entitled:

HAMED:

—OR,—

DREN OF FATE.

HE EASTERN WORLD.

ry the most favorable reception
erous list of original novelettes
publishing in The Flag. With
of the East, it has also the excit-
ensations of love and passion, that
anes in every clime. We shall
volume of our paper the produc-
terling writers, and make such
as shall enhance the value of this
vorite weekly.

RE AS FOLLOWS:

t send us the *first* largest
a beautiful new SILVER TEA
pitcher, sugar bowl, slop
r, being five pieces of ster-
red for us by Jones, Shreve
dine..... $250

us the *second* largest club,
e, fine BOSTON SILVER MEDO-
and suitable for a church
rranted perfect in all re-
..... 175

send us the *third* largest
e elegant English GOLD LE-
ter and compensation bal-
le, new and warranted a
respects, and of the best
..... 120

send us the *fourth* largest
a superb English SILVER LE-
ement as above, new, heavy
all respects, and warranted
atchlp. Value..... 90

ll send us the *fifth* largest
a valuable library of SIXTY
w and standard works, em-
istories, travels, etc., such as
home circle. Value..... 75

ill send us the *sixth* largest
a elegant, brass-bound, por-
TABLE DESK, of the most ex-
manufactured to our own
ers, etc., by G. S. Tolman,
ch, Boston, and furnished
le. Value..... 50

send us the *seventh* largest
an elegantly wrought SILK
her gentleman or lady, and
DRAWER, twenty-five dollars
..... 30

send us the *eighth* largest
a SILVER ENGLISH WATCH, a
ronger, and in all respects
ad or mine attending school.
..... 25

le us the *ninth* largest club,
send us large STEEL ENGRAV-
representing the seasons,
mmer and winter, elegant
alue..... 20

e us the *tenth* largest club,
d GOLD PENCIL CASE AND PEN
e, of a new pattern, an ex-
nd useful pocket companion.
..... 18

d perfect in all respects, and may
calling at our publication office.

RIABLY IN ADVANCE.

..... $2 00
..... 1 00
..... 15 00

e *sixteen* subscribers, at the last
twenty-sixth copy gratis, so that all
n who exert themselves.

e *fifty* subscribers, shall receive
ble of our "Pictorial," elegantly
full gilt, with illustrated title-
taining nearly *ten thousand* fine
f which is sixteen dollars.

that the names, accompanied by
nt to us so fast as they are ob-
ble to print an ample number of
month. Therefore as soon as ten
d, the person who has procured
m with the money, and he or she
th any number of names, at the
ber will be duly credited to the
to send the subscribers, until the
re, that is, up to Feb. 1st, 1856
f the entire club should be taken
nd the papers to any neighboring
ore the club is gotten up, but all
through the same agent in or-
or her credit. This order does not
tolerable agent of our papers—but
, and *each name be sent with the*

July published, and indisputable
of such prize, by the successful

aper furnished gratis.
JOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*
Broomfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

s, please be careful to write name
plainly as possible, as post marks
write individual names distinctly.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, $2.00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

. All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass., *proprietor of* THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, *post paid.*

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"Romance of the Notch," a tale by MAURICE SHINGESY.
"We have parted," verses by R. F. SMITH.
"The Painter's Christmas," a story by FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.
"Beneath thy Waters," lines by MYRA W. DONELSON.
"The Emigration," a tale by FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.
"My Country," stanzas by LIBBY BAMPTON.
"Anna Dean," a story by HORACE B. STANFORD.
"Death," lines by JOHN K. THOMAS.
"The Awful Catastrophe at Squire Jenkins," a sketch by MRS. SUSIE W. COLLINS.
"The Forest Flower," stanzas by MRS. R. T. ELDRIDGE.
"Margaret's Three Afternoons," a story by MARY A. LOWELL.
"A Cottage by the Lake," verses by J. SMITH.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"Sonnet," "Home," "Abby's Sketches," "Lulu," "The Sea," "Hope," "Little Allie and I," "We shall never meet again," and "A Ride in a Stagecoach."

CONVERSATION.

There are few really good conversers in society, though there are plenty of gifted men who can harangue and lecture their auditors. Gabblers and babblers abound, and there are male and female gossips in plenty, but the number of those who possess the art—for it is an art—of conversing brilliantly and agreeably, is quite limited. The most gifted minds have constantly proclaimed the great importance of conversation. St. Evremond says: "Conversation is the peculiar property of man; the same as reason. It is the bond of society. By means of conversation the commerce of civil life is kept up, minds communicate their ideas, hearts express their emotions, and friendships are formed and retained." Swift says, in substance—we are not sure of his words, for we are quoting from memory: "Conversation is the great school of mind; not only by enriching it with knowledge it would have obtained with difficulty from other sources, but by rendering it more vigorous, more just, more penetrating, and more profound. A great majority of men, and those even who have given the highest culture to their minds, derive a great part of their knowledge from conversation."

This power of the civilized world has, among all nations, followed the progress of ideas; and as soon as men were able to emerge from the concerns of material life, and appreciate the phenomena by which they were surrounded, they must have experienced the need of communicating their ideas, and this want, increasing with civilization, regulated itself, and conversation became an art which had its forms and precepts. Philosophy, among the ancients, readily lent itself to the colloquial form, and Plato, at the Academy, when teaching the highest laws of nature and wisdom, *conversed* with his disciples. Probably the most brilliant talkers on record were to be found in France, in the age of Voltaire.

Those unfortunate mortals, to whom time, that priceless treasure, is so often a burthen, find in conversation a diversion as innocent as it is agreeable. Whatever may be the origin of the necessity for conversing, it exists, and this want is experienced by all men after labor, study and business. It is keenest with the wealthy, who are not subjected to any kind of employment; but it is particularly felt by women, who are endowed with keener sensibility, and condemned by their sex to a mere monotonous existence. "What a delicious city Venice is!" exclaimed a lady. "What did you find so seductive there?" asked one of her hearers. "O, I talked all day!" was the reply.

Few, even, among those men who have professed misanthropy, and led a hermit-life, retired from the world, have been proof against the charms of conversing with an occasional visitor. Timon of Athens is cited as an exception to the rule. He was supping one day with Apemantus—another misanthrope like himself. They were celebrating together the feast of "Funeral Libations." After a long silence, Apemantus, charmed with the *tete-a-tete*, exclaimed: "O, Timon, what an agreeable supper!" "Yes," replied Timon, "if you were not here!"

We may apply to conversation what Alfieri said of travelling. "We learn by it infinitely better than by all the charts in the world, not to esteem or despise men, but to know ourselves, and, in part, to become acquainted with others."

AFFABILITY.—This quality must not be confounded with politeness—the latter is the result of external politics, the former an indication of goodness of heart. When the Abbe Raynal was presented to Frederick the Great, surrounded by his generals, the monarch held out his hand to him, offered him a seat at his side, and said to him with a simplicity worthy of the heroic ages: "We are both of us old; let us sit down together and converse." This was something more than mere politeness.

CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.—Mr. Wm. A. Kinsler, Box 1228, Philadelphia city post office, desires agents to address him who wish for profitable and reliable employment. He answers all letters which enclose a postage stamp for the return.

NEW PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.—Mr. Sully, of Philadelphia, has just finished a portrait of Washington. It is a copy of the portrait by Stuart, and is to be presented to the Pennsylvania Historical Society

SUCCESSFUL VOYAGE.—Schooner Altamaha, lately arrived at New Bedford from a cruise of six months, during which she took 240 bbls sperm and 6 bbls blackfish oil, worth some $14,000.

WINTER.

It is no marvel, since the weather has such an effect on health and spirits, that it is the first topic that rises to our lips in conversation, and the readiest theme that suggests itself to the pen. One of the finest poems in the English language is Thomson's Seasons; and atmospherical phenomena suggest one half the charms of landscape painting. We need not apologize, then, for a word or two on the season, as we sit before this glowing fire of anthracite, and listen to the wind as it dreamily rattles the window, or clashes the thread-bare branches of the trees together, or sends the icicles rattling down from the projecting eaves. Yes, we have fairly entered on the reign of Winter, but the grey-beard monarch is not half so formidable, on acquaintance, as he appears at a distance. Had we pencil and palette in hand, we should not personify him as a grim tyrant, but as a vigorous old man, with snows upon his brow indeed, but the glow of health burning in his cheeks and lips. We have learned to love the old gentleman. We are quite sure, if we were doomed to a land where Lady Summer reigns eternally, we should rebel against her sovereignty. Our pulses would miss the quickening touch, our blood the healthful stir, imparted by the "lusty winter." And gorgeous as are the hues with which Summer decks her court, the carpets of flowers, the pyramids of swaying trees, the flash of falling fountains, Winter has *his* pageantries for his liege subjects. He knows them not who has never threaded the mazes of a New England forest at a time when the sharp frost, following hard on the heels of a warm rain, has changed it to a wilderness of gems, outshining in splendor the royal treasure house of Dresden, or the fabled glories of Aladdin's Cave. What cathedral pile, with its soaring pillars encrusted with the wealth of nations, can compare in magnificence with this structure of Nature? And this is only one of the many phases which makes us love the reign of winter, in spite of its length and its severity. We cordially exclaim with Eliza Cook:

"Here's a health, then, a health to old gray-haired December,
With his holly-crowned brow and his carolling lip."

CHARITY.

It is very easy to assume a tone of misanthropy. It is very easy to assert that this is a hard world—that there is no good in it—that the prosperous have no charity—that the poor are impostors, etc.—but it is a difficult matter to prove. When we look below the surface, we shall find individuals and societies, in every large community, devoting time, money, tact and talent to the amelioration of the condition of less favored fellow-beings. We shall find such men doing the more good, because acting noiselessly and unostentatiously. In our city, for instance, see what a single association, the Boston Young Men's Benevolent Society, has quietly accomplished in its sphere. They have assisted three hundred and eight families, most of whom have seen better days, during the past year—old men, lone women, children, who can scrape along during the summer without help, but who require aid, when the pinching season of winter comes down upon them in its rigor. These are not persons who make a trade of begging. You never hear them ask for help; but they receive it, gratefully invoking blessings on the heads of the giver. There are other societies in this good city, also, laboring in this good cause.

TYRIAN PURPLE.—It is stated that the secret of this splendid color, which has been lost to the world since the days of the Romans, has just been discovered in Paris. The discoverer is a Mr. Depouilly, a chemist in a great dyeing establishment at Paris, and the principle of the splendid color he produces is found in guano. Perfectly successful experiments were made at the Universal Exposition before Prince Napoleon, and Messrs. Chevreul and Dumas, the most expert men in the empire. It is impossible to estimate too highly the effect of this discovery on the arts.

STREET MUSIC.—Some of the New York papers are down on the itinerant musicians who perambulate the streets of the Empire City. It is their music which seems hideous to ears trained to "Ausonian airs," and yet there are thousands of the poor who, but for these wandering minstrels, would never hear any music at all. National melodies and tender love strains, even if not executed with Italian skill, are not without their good effect on the listeners.

OLD LETTERS.—How many sad thoughts and glad thoughts are awakened by glancing over a file of old letters. Memorials of the loved and lost, expressions of maternal tenderness, Judas phrases of treachery, records of hopes long since blasted, rays of sunshine from happy hearts—all are blended together. It is a sore trial to the nerves to look over a collection of these long-dated missives.

PENN'S READINESS.—"You will never be the wiser if I sit here answering your questions till midnight," said one of the upright justices to Penn, who had been putting law cases with a puzzling subtlety. "Thereafter as the answers may be," retorted the quaker.

FEMALE LAWYERS.—The New York Times thinks ladies cannot make good lawyers, because they haven't got brass enough. We have no doubt there are many ladies who would make as good pleaders as Portia in the "Merchant of Venice."

THE DAGUERREOTYPE BUSINESS.—There are about 10,000 daguerreotypists in the United States, taking daily twenty pictures each, at an average of $2,50, giving 200,000 pictures at an expense of over half a million of dollars.

REBUILDING.—The Springfield Republican states that the Glasgow gingham mills, at South Hadley Falls, which were burnt to the ground last summer, are rapidly approaching completion.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The fair of the orphan's asylum, held by the Catholics of this city, was quite brilliant.

Many visitors have been delighted with "Herring's English Farm-Yard," at Parker's, Cornhill.

Three weeks ago we had our first snow-storm—an avant courier of winter.

Forrest never played better or more successfully than during his engagement at the Boston.

Manuel Ganzales, a California burglar, had ninety-six buckshot fired into him, and recovered.

A young man at Washington, while boxing, lately received a blow that killed him.

Rachel's second engagement in New York proved very lucrative.

Two hundred fine elm trees have lately been set out at the west end of the Common.

The African slave trade has revived, from the withdrawal of British cruisers.

Baron Damier, a negro diplomatist, has been sent to London by the Hayuen emperor.

Charles Lawrence, of Danvers, raised a turnip, this year, which weighed fourteen pounds.

One of the squirrels on the Common regularly visits a house in Beacon Street for food.

The dancing season has fairly commenced in Boston. "Light fantastics" carry the day.

The sentence of Wilson, the murderer, has been commuted to imprisonment for life.

Two more men have enlisted for the invasion of Ireland. The force now numbers twelve.

The high commissions in the British army are held by old fogies and young striplings.

Both the Irish and German emigration to this country has sensibly decreased.

Bishop Vaudevelde, of Natchez, lately died of yellow fever.

Mrs. Jameson says the "bread of life is love." But love is not always bread.

Mr. Berdan, of New York, has invented an improved life boat.

Punch rejoices that the farce of "Simpson & Co. is no longer played in the Crimea.

SPORTS OF THE SEASON.

With the winter season, severe and trying as it is, come certain sports and exercises which render the weather not only agreeable but welcome. Among these, sleighing holds a high rank. But sleighing is not within the reach of every one. Skating, however, can be enjoyed by rich and poor, and of late years quite an enthusiasm in its favor has been excited, that rises higher since the ladies have taken part in this exhilarating and healthy sport. The favorite skating field in this vicinity is Jamaica Pond, and we know of no spectacle more exciting than that presented by some hundreds of both sexes wheeling like swallows on the wing upon the flashing steel. Arrangements have been made for keeping the pond clear of snow, so that as long as cold weather lasts there will be no interruption to the favorite amusement of the residents of Jamaica Plain, and their numerous visitors from the city.

THE POOR.

Ye men of fortune, as ye sit in the quiet evening in rooms splendidly draped and furnished, and warmed to summer heat, so that flowers bloom around you as in August, while the clashing sleet strikes your window-panes with a not unmusical murmur, forget not that there are hundreds all around you, fireless, hungry and ill-clad. If you have not energy to seek out the needy, at least, never refuse assistance when it is asked. In this world of mutual dependence, those who have nothing have a right to ask and receive help of those who have.

GOOD HUMOR.—Nothing is more unphilosophical than the exhibition of ill-humor in circumstances that you can possibly prevent it. Seneca's remedy in unavoidable misfortune was to "smile and sustain it." We think resignation is a national virtue of our countrymen. Just before an election you would think them capable of cutting each other's throats—the day after the defeated party wears a good-natured smile, and there is not a bit of bullying on the part of the victors.

RICH MEN.—The Rothschilds—poor fellows—are not quite so well off as we supposed them to be. It was stated that they were worth $700,000,000; it is now thought best to take "a little off the thinnest part," towards the latter end, and to change the first figure, which cuts the family down to $40,000,000. We assure our readers that we do this out of consideration to the money, but will see ourselves hanged before we take off another million to please anybody.

HIS FIRST PLAY.—Charles Lamb was taken to the theatre when six years old, to see Artaxerxes. He says: "It was all enchantment and a dream. No such pleasure has since visited me but in dreams." Elsewhere he intimates that, but for certain physical disqualifications, he should himself have been an actor.

BOOK SALES.—In England, to sell ten thousand copies of a work of fiction is considered a great business; in this country, the sale of an edition of fifty thousand copies is not an extraordinary event. Boston is equal, if not superior, to New York, in the book manufacture.

SHAKSPEARE IMPROVED.—Away out "beyond the Mississip," when they play Macbeth to the back woodsmen, the hero in the dagger scene always says:

"Is this a bowie knife I see before me?"

IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET—FIGS!—This delicious fruit, chopped up fine, makes an admirable addition to the ingredients of a mince pie. Remember it, ye housekeepers!

MAIL ROBBERS.—A great noise is made about these rascals now a-days; but it seems that there are also a great many female robbers about.

LITERARY.—Ainsworth, the popular English novelist, is engaged on a new serial work.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

For the present week embraces the following contents

"The Old House on the Rue Perdu," a story by HORACE B. STANFORD.
"The Home of my Choice," a poem by Mrs. R. T. ELDRIDGE.
"The Pretty Gate Keeper," a tale by EMILY B. PAGE.
"The Cavalier's Song," by FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.
"Wanted—a Partner," a story by JOHN THACKERAY.
"To Abby," lines by C. W. STEVENS.
"Who killed Hannah?" a story of the East.
"Pall of the Leaf," verses by M. M. BALLOU.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A fine group of portraits of some of our most distinguished authors, giving likenesses of Irving, Willis, Bryant, Curtis, Taylor, Prescott and Longfellow.

Representation of a Greek Marriage at Piana.

A picture of the Festival of St. Peter at Palermo

A series of views in Rochester, N. Y., embracing the Engine Houses of the Niagara Railroad, Erie Canal Aqueduct, Court House, Central Railroad Depot, Entrance to Mount Hope Cemetery, and Genesee Falls.

Portrait of the Inimitable Warren of the Boston Museum.

View of the new Fort Street Presbyterian Church at Detroit, Michigan.

Picture of Cufton, England.

Also, a view of Bath, England.

. The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

Gen. Le Vaillant is appointed French Governor of Sebastopol

Spandaw, the Dutch poet, has lately died, at the age of 80 years.

Victor Hugo with his son, and those who signed the recent protest, have been expelled from the Channel Islands.

The Manchester peace party have caused placards to be issued, with the catching head, "Stop the war!"

The Sultan has promoted the Bey of Tunis to the rank of Muchir (Field Marshal), with the customary present of a sword of honor.

Nearly six thousand people connected with the Paris Exhibition have signed a petition praying that it may be re-opened on the 1st of next May.

Distress prevails in Tuscany from bad harvests, cholera, and mismanagement in government. The inhabitants are anticipating a winter of unparalleled suffering.

A biographical sketch of Lord Palmerston in the Banbury Guardian says that his Lordship is a descendant of Leofree, Earl of Mercia, and husband of the famous Lady Godiva.

An Imperial firman has been granted by the Sultan for the purpose of lighting Constantinople with gas. This concession has been given to an English gentleman of influence, long a resident in that city.

It is said that the Bible is received with increasing readiness by the Turks, and they appear to countenance all efforts made in a quiet way for the promulgation of the word of God among them.

There seems no doubt the son of the Prince Royal of Prussia is affianced to the Princess Royal of England, although they probably will not be married for twelve or eighteen months.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Take short views, hope for the best, and trust in God.

Beauty, unaccompanied by virtue, is as a flower without perfume.

When our vices quit us, we flatter ourselves with the belief that it is we who quit them.

Every system of education is defective which does not consider the characteristic talent of the scholar.

Some very excellent people tell you, they dare not hope; why do they dare not hope? To me it seems much more impious to dare to despair.

The real way to improve is not so much by varied reading, as by finding out your weak points on any subject and mastering them.

Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best.

In a factious and barbarous age, the greatest men, as well as men of the best regulated minds, adhere to some one of the epidemic frenzies that trouble and agitate the world at that moment.

Keep your spirit untainted, your thoughts uncontaminated, for you shall you'll be virtuous. As a man thinketh, so he is. Take care of the thoughts, and the actions will take care of themselves.

When you meet with neglect, let it rouse you to exertion, instead of mortifying your pride. Set about lessening those defects which expose you to neglect, and improve those excellences which command attention and respect.

God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

Joker's Budget.

Why was Herodias's daughter hard to beat at a horse race? Ans. Because she got a head of John the Baptist on a charger.

Why is this railway contractor like a German emigrant? Because he *makes tracks* for the West.

When a petulant individual politely observes to you, "You had better eat me up, hadn't you?" don't you do it.

A Yankee editor says that the girls complain that the times are so hard the young men can't pay their addresses.

"A dreadful little for a shilling," said a penurious fellow to a physician who dealt him out an emetic, "can't you give more?"

A genius remarked the other day, with a grave face, that however prudent and virtuous young widows might be, he had seen many a gay young widow *err*.

Men are like bugles, the more brass they contain, the further you can hear them. Women are like tulips, the more modest and retiring they appear, the better you love them.

Shakspeare defines a man as having seven ages, whereas we know him daily two: the first is childhood, when he "cuts his teeth," and the last is old age, when his "teeth cut him."

Never trust a secret with a married man who loves his wife, for he will tell her, she will tell her aunt Hannah and aunt Hannah will impart it as a profound secret to every one of her female acquaintances.

An editor once said to a bore who had sat about two hours in his office, "I wish you would do as my fire is doing." "How is that?" said the other. "Why, sir, it is going out," replied the editor.

Ellen Emery, who lives down South, cautions all girls against having anything to do with her runaway husband, David. She thinks he will be easily known, "because," she says, "David has a scar on his nose, where I scratched him!" So-s-at!

Quill and Scissors

Thomas Stafford, at the village of Van Hornsville, in Herkimer county, N. Y., who had been in the habit of bathing his head every morning in a cistern, recently slipped in head first, as he was reaching in for that purpose, and was found dead, with his legs hanging over the edge of the cistern.

The St. Louis Republican states that a citizen of that place has just obtained a patent for an improvement in white lead that must have the effect of producing a saving of 30 per cent. if not 40. The nature of the experiment is not stated.

An Englishman has obtained a patent for the following method of making pipes. He takes thin strips of wood, and bends them spirally and diagonally, and fills up the interstices with asphalt or cement. The plan is said to be a valuable one.

Dr. J. B. Davis, of South Carolina, has recently sold fifteen three quarters bred Cashmere kids, seven months old, and one pure breed, two years old, Cashmere buck, to a gentleman in Tennessee for $4000 the ewes at $200 each, and the buck at $1000.

A double wedding lately occurred at Chicago, when two Misses Hamilton entered the blissful state of marriage, one of whom is the oldest native inhabitant of that prairie city, though she is a young bride.

It is said that if the English language be divided into one hundred parts, sixty would be Saxon, thirty would be Latin (including French), five would be Greek, and the remaining five from the other languages of the world.

A little Norwegian boy, named Torgelson, was arrested in Madison, Wisconsin, lately, for putting stones on the track "to see the cars hop when they went over them," and held to bail in the sum of $1000.

The Natchez Courier records the death, at that place, of the Rev. Mr. Fly, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church. This same church was deprived of its pastor by death only two years ago.

A machine has been contrived by Mr. Howe, road master on the Vermont Central Railroad, which, operated by three men, will in two minutes straighten a bended rail on the track, without drawing the spikes.

The identical boat in which Grace Darling earned her celebrity, now lies bottom up on the beach at North Sunderland, and is regarded by the unromantic dwellers in that region with perfect indifference!

Fifteen or twenty young men left Mobile, recently, for the purpose of casting their fortunes in Central America. They will proceed to Greytown, and examine the inducements offered by the Kinney settlement.

Twelve nuns have lately left Montreal, under the guardianship of a priest, to engage in missionary labor in Chili—a splendid establishment in Santiago, endowed by the government.

The depth of the Niagara River, under the Suspension Bridge, is estimated by the engineers to be 700 feet. This is deeper than any other rapidly running stream in the world.

The importations at Montreal, for the first ten months of the present year, amount to £2,700,000, which is a falling off, compared with last year, equal to nearly $4,000,000.

Erastus Bostwick, of Hinesburgh, Pa., has voted at every election for *sixty-three years* back, without missing a single time. He is now, of course, nearly 90 years old.

Mr. *Knight*, who has been treasurer of the Howard Society of Portsmouth for twenty years, has resigned the place, and is very properly succeeded by Mr. Day.

Two ladies in Albany, caught in the act of stealing eight dollars worth of lace lately, compromised the matter previous to arrest, by paying twice its value.

The book publishers in Philadelphia have subscribed $30,000 toward the fund of $250,000 asked for by the officers of the Steubenville and Indiana Railroad Company.

The "iron-tailed cow," as the pump used to be poetically called, has quite superseded, in fact, the ordinary animal known by that name in natural history.

In 1794, a paper mill was built at Fairhaven, Vt., by Col. Lyon, at which paper for wrapping, and even printing, was made from basswood bark.

Immense beds of soapstone have been discovered in Walcottville, Ct., and a company has been formed to open and quarry them.

A traveller in Canada West estimates the surplus of wheat, in that province, at fifteen millions of bushels.

The Princess Murat, who may possibly be queen of Naples, is a native of Charleston, S. C.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Lothrop, Joseph Holland Lord, Esq., to Miss Lydia Hill Crosby.
By Rev. Dr. Kirk, Col. Rufus Gilmore to Miss Mary E. Sargent, both of Monroe, Me.
By Rev. Mr. Bartol, Mr. William W. Baker to Miss Susan H. Deniels.
By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. George F. P. Nutter to Miss Mary A. Moulton.
By Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Joseph F. Goodrich to Miss Caroline A. Hall.
By Rev. Dr. Barrett, Mr. E. O. Lovering, of Exeter, N. H., to Miss Rebecca S. Smith.
At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Gardner Cranmer to Miss Julia A. Winchenbaugh.
At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Henry Woodward to Miss Elizabeth Webb.
At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Brown, Hon. Henry W. Benchley, of Worcester, to Miss Marie S. Allen.
At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Rice, Mr. Oliver Wilson to Miss Sarah Rima Mack.
At Berkeley, by Rev. Mr. Eastman, Mr. Robert L. Chace, of Fall River, to Miss Sarah Ann Perkins, of Freetown.
At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Campbell, Mr. Edwin Cook to Miss Frances E. Clark, of York, Me.
At Haverhill, Mr. James M. Paddock to Miss Amanda J. Nash, both of Newburyport.
At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. McKeown, Mr. Alexander Drape to Lydia Ann Davis.
At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. John B. Tarbell to Miss Henrietta Delaney.
At Pittsfield, Vt., by Rev. Mr. Patten, Mr. William M. Bennett to Miss Nancy W. Bostwick, both of Starkbridge.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Mary Morse, 78. Mrs. Margaret Coffin, 87. Mr. Stephen White Story, 28. Mr. John Henman, 58. Miss Henrietta Bryant, 20. Mrs. Elizabeth Averill, 44. Mrs. Eliza Langdon, of Somerville, 41.
At Melrose, Miss Ellen Octavia Brown, 18.
At Concord, Mr. George M. Howe, 59.
At Salem, Mr. William C. Howe, 35. Mrs. Catharine Mosher, 59. Mr. William Peele, 50.
At Danvers, Miss Susannah Page, 96.
At Ipswich, Mr. John Bridge, 82. Mr. Isaac Pickard, 68.
At Beverly, Mrs. Hannah Little, 84.
At Newburyport, Widow Margaret F. Noyes, 84.
At Worcester, Mrs. Ann Maria L. Dewey, 35. Mr. Oliver Harrington, 50.
At Monument, Mrs. Mary A. Bourne, 43. Mr. Edmund Bassett, 74.
At Hadfield, Mr. Horace W. Peck, 31.
At Springfield, Mr. Edward Gorman, 66.
At Lakeport, Mr. Albert M. Seymour, 35.
At Providence, R. I., Widow Mary G. Anthony, 91.
At Exeter, N. H., Mrs. Susan Hilton, wife of Hon. John Kenney, 56.
At Kennebunk, Capt. John Howey, 87.
At Saco, Me., Widow Elizabeth Patterson, 87.
At Belfast, Me. Capt. Peter Lewinski, an officer of the revolutionary war, 95.
At Alexander, Me., Mr. Paul Morse, formerly of Newburyport, 78.
At New York, Mrs. Mary Herbert, 96.
At Washington, D. C., Dr. Tobias Watkins, 75.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WHY DO WE MURMUR?

BY FRANCIS PARENTER.

Trials are given us, to make us better, truer and holier.
Jay.

Then why do we pine and murmur,
At our Ruler's holy will!
Why not cease our sinful grievings?
To our hearts say "Peace, be still!"
Ah, we love too well and fondly,
Ere to murmur and repine—
Never have we learned to whisper,
"Not our will, but Father, thine!

And the Bible's beaming sunshine
Never pierces in our gloom;
For we veil our saddened eyesight
With the shadows of the tomb;
And our hearts, so cold and stony,
Never open to His call;
For we deem our gloom submission,
Thus forbidding God and all.

But we ought not thus to sorrow,
Blight our hopes, and dim our love;
For it pleaseth not the Saviour—
He who dwells in light above.
And he sighs with deep compassion,
As he views our downward ways,
When we ought "be up and doing,"
Adding to his sounding praise.

Then let's cease our sinful murm'ring,
Take strong courage to our hearts;
And fight proudly in life's battle,
Nobly bearing each his parts.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ISABEL DUMAINE.

A LIFE HISTORY.

BY MRS. G. S. POLLOCK.

Morn in the sunny South! Morn, redolent with the fragrance of May blossoms yet bathed in the last gentle showers of April, ever changeful, ever beautiful. O, what a glorious thing is life to the happy!—light to the free hearted! How rich hued the flowers; how thrilling the melody of singing birds; how hope-tinted the blue clouds above, to the soul who has not yet entered into the battery of earth's trials, of life's sorrows! And such was morn to me, that May day of 1771, when, released from the monotony of a Roman convent, I was about to enter the gay circle, called the world. We left Italy—my father, mother, and that only son and brother who was the jewel of our hearts, and the pride of our eyes. Handsome, noble-spirited and graceful, how my heart beat with joy when, leaning on his arm, I walked away, fast, fast, over the green hills and lovely valleys of Old England, our home.

"Isabel," whispered my brother, archly, entering my dressing-room, one fine morning, some three weeks after our arrival at Rochefort Court; "Isabel, young De Cohen is below, and has asked after you. Will you come down? We are going to ride, and I have ordered Lily to be brought round for you."

"I don't think I shall go," said I, petulantly enough; "for I particularly disliked Rochefort's bad'nage respecting this same Philip de Cohen. I went, however, and a pleasant ride it was; the orchards full of rich blossoms, and the meadows promising a rich harvest for the scythe; and the hedge-rows budding out with their scented blooms, beautiful and snowy tufted. A change, truly, it was to me, to this free English home, to these indulgent, affectionate friends, from the formal bondage of the convent, and the checked kindness of the warmer-hearted of the nuns. I was like a bird, long confined, who had suddenly escaped into the free air of heaven and winged its rejoicing flight whithersoever it would. My mother was delicate; a fading flower that revived but to sink the faster beneath the sunny skies of Italy, and who had returned to die in her native land. A slow, lingering, but gentle death it was; or, at least, she complained not, and we thought her sufferings, consequently, not severe.

I had known too little of her of late, but a thousand fond memories of my childhood were entwined too closely around that fading form for anguish not to be felt at the prospect of seeing it soon no more for ever. But my spirit was too hopeful, too light, to sink long into despair, and when I had left her quiet chamber, and gazed no longer on the large eyes and the flushed cheek, I again hoped she would dwell long yet amongst us, nursed, petted and beloved; so I went out to meet the joyous laugh of my young friends with a spirit scarcely less buoyant than their own. Moodiness passed. It was late in autumn when the death-watch was heard in our chamber, and the old escutcheons of our race gloomed dark and sad—the lady had departed from her vassals—the wife had deserted her husband—the mother had abandoned her children. She died in hope, and her body was placed with a solemn pomp and true sorrow amongst those of her forefathers. *Requiescat in pace.*

It is May again; the May of 1773; and the gloom has faded partially from our hearts, and a new spirit has entered into our home. Our father sees little of his children; he rides about the woods, lonely, and seems scarcely to feel that we are near, sympathizing in his grief; and yet it seemed that our apparent want of sympathy had cast his world-worn, less elastic spirit back into itself, to mourn unceasingly alone over its desolation and its sorrow. We were children, warm hearted and affectionate; we had loved our mother, and had wept bitter tears over her tomb; but when the fresh spring-time came again, it seemed as if our hearts had received a new life; our grief had died away into a gentle softness, and hope became bright and unclouded on our path.

Rochefort was affianced to a daughter of the old family of Pierrepont, and as he wandered, or rode, daily with his fair Adele, summer smiled alike in his eyes and in his heart. Frost-scented grew the flowers our mother had loved around her favorite haunts, and cold and quiet lay the white marble on her resting-place; but the fragrance of the flowers alone reached her children, and the chilling stone seemed warm to their young hearts. But a coldness, like death, rested on one of the deserted ones; a cloud ever hung upon one spirit; a shadow rested ever upon one path. O, faithfully trod that true heart the dark pathway of sorrow, suffering alone, and tracing the not effaced footstep of the departed to the dark valley! Cold-hearted and unkind seems now our unconsciousness of his decay, our light heedlessness of his great regret.

He died; two years had not passed since the mother was carried away, before the father also went, and left his children. Peace to his ashes! Lonely, latterly, was his life, and lonely almost had been his death, had not my companion, my "boy love," De Cohen, at length waked me from my lethargy, and showed me that the lamp was going out. I shall never forget the warmth with which he spoke, the indignant astonishment he exhibited, at my ignorance of the truth. I, who in my girlish fondness for him had forgotten alike the grave of the mother, and the grief of the father! A sense of being wronged in that hour aroused a bitter feeling in my heart which was never utterly effaced. Philip had charged me with want of affection, want of care; but it was his society that had led me away from my sorrow, and had hid the approaching grief also from my eyes. Why, then, should *he* reproach me? A strange spirit seemed then to awaken me, and, years after, it became ——.

Our father died. The young Sir Rochefort mourned truly, like one awakened from sleep, over his lost parent, and sorrow, mingled with shame, saddened our spirits; but time brings quickly consolation to the young. Two years after, another was mistress of those halls, and I, the daughter of the house, felt, in my pride, almost an intruder in my own natural home. It was pride, only, for Adele was fond of the sister for the sake of a husband devotedly loved. A few months later, and as the bride of Philip de Cohen, I settled down in his old home, among the romantic hills of Derbyshire, rejoiced to be mistress of my own acts, and my own home.

"Mr. Clayborne comes very frequently, Isabel. How does he contrive to amuse you?—you, who are so light, so apparently unfit for a clergyman's companion?" asked my husband, one morning, in the June of '78, as we sat over a late breakfast; for we had been out the previous evening at a ball, at Wilberg Place.

"I don't know," I returned, very carelessly; "Charlie Clayborne is a very entertaining companion, and I am half wearied with only looking at the useful, the sensible aspect of life. I am young, Philip, too young to see only pleasure in visiting cottages, or studying old books. You are not such good society as you were four or five years ago!—when we rode, and drove, and walked together, without heeding the griefs of the peasant, or heeding sorrows for the future. Now, if I ride through these beautiful dales, or climb some romantic height, you have ever some object for thoughtful remembrance, or charitable reflection. I fear we married too hastily, Philip! A wiser wife would have suited you better. I am too gay. I experienced sufficient dullness in the convent to last for *one* life!" and I shook back my long ringlets, and looked pleasantly into his face.

Dear Philip, kind and tender, and warm-hearted! how thy brow clouded, how thy lips quivered, when those trifling words of thy silly wife fell on thy ears!

"Isabel!" exclaimed he, impetuously, "Isabel, don't laugh at subjects so serious as these! When will that levity give place to a thought suited to thy position? The light-heartedness which led the girl of sixteen to forget so soon the grave of her mother, the grief of a father, *might* be forgiven; but five years, including two griefs like these, should surely have left some impress of thoughtfulness upon thy heart! My wife! my dear wife! beware! This spirit of gaiety may too easily degenerate into levity; and I dread the sequel. Beloved Isabel, for my sake, if you yet love me, forego some of these girlish follies, and be to me the companion I have fondly hoped—believed—"

"What would you have?" said I, half petulantly, though my feelings were deeply moved. "What would you have? There can no evil result from a pleasant acquaintance, such as ours, with our own clergyman. In truth, and I care not to avow it, I find his society such a relief that it seems at once to raise a heavy weight from my spirits, and they are free again. You grow too sad of late!"

"Do you never think, Isabel, that had a kind hand rested on your father's brow in his fevered hours of sorrow, had a child's fond sympathy broken the flood gates of that grief which, confined and voiceless, wore away his heart; do you never think had Rochefort thought less of his own grief first, and then less of his love for a season, and had you—forgive me, dear one, but it must be spoken,—had you lingered a little in your eager search after pleasure and change, and ministered, as a daughter alone could, to your father, do you never think he might have been kept yet a while longer among us? It seems to me always that he died of a broken heart—broken because its grief was never uttered!—its ice never thawed away! And I feel sometimes that I was in some degree guilty of his death; for I tempted the daughter from her duty, the child from her right path; tempted her, thank God! however unwittingly, not purposely!"

I burst into tears of half passion, half sorrow.

"I don't like to hear this sort of reproach! and I will not bear it!" I exclaimed. "Ungrateful! was it for *this* I forgot my duties to the dead and the dying? For this charge of want of love? O, Philip! do *you* beware! A little kindness, a little sympathy in my, granted trifling pleasures, might perhaps have won me to more serious paths, but—"

A servant entered, and announced "Mr. Clayborn," and my husband, who entertained some singular dislike to this man, left the room. Clayborne entered, and an hour of trifling nonsense about the company and scenes of the past night were away, for the time, all recollection of my husband's displeasure.

"What a lovely sunset! How the silvery Derwent glances in the ruddy beams, flashing and dashing in its course! O, truly, this Derbyshire is a beautiful country; truly, our home ought to be a happy one!"

So said Philip, as he walked with me that evening, and so said, also, my own heart; but my lips were dumb. A blind spirit had entered into me, and loving my husband with my whole soul, passionately, I was led, irresistibly, it seemed, to continually grieve and displease him. My silence looked stupid, and I felt it, but I could not speak. The sun set in its beauty, and the crimson hues were fading from tree and flower before the silence was again broken by my husband.

"Are you angry with me, Isabel? Why will you not speak to me? O, if you knew half the love this heart cherishes for you, if you felt half the anxiety our apparent estrangement—for it is not, it cannot, it *shall not* be real—has caused me, if you reciprocate in any degree the love I bear you, this could not be! What have I done? Since the first few months of our marriage, and, forgive me if I am wrong, but it has seemed of late to me, since this new minister came among us, a spirit, not of affection, certainly, I scarcely know of what, has arisen in you. You seem to dislike my society, and this very shrinking from me has, I am conscious, produced an involuntary distance and reserve on my own part. But believe me, believe me, Isabel, my heart is as truly yours now as when I wooed you in the shades of Rochefort Court—when I won you to be my bride. O, why should this estrangement exist between us?"

"I know not; but it seems that you have continually cast a shadow over my happiness—looked coldly upon the gaiety inherent in my nature," I replied, sinking languidly down upon a low, turfy couch on the banks of the stream.

The water lilies lay in clusters on the surface, near me, and I amused myself in trying to reach and gather them. And my husband, grieved by my ill considered words, stood looking silently on. What could be within me, stirring so potently? A spirit of rebellion against this questioning of my feelings, of resentment at this sort of doubt cast upon my love, arose in me, or perhaps only developed itself more clearly—the seeds were already there.

How gloriously beautiful is evening! The soft shadows were falling upon the river, and I beheld in its clear depths myriads of fairy palaces and glittering domes.

"We will go to Rochefort Court for a while, dear wife! Your brother strongly presses it; and I think, I hope, a time passed again in the scenes of our love may revive some of our old confidence. I long to see again the sweet violets your mother loved so much, and to tread again the paths where Sir Roland sighed away his life after the departed. We will go soon. When can you be prepared, Isabel?"

"In a week or two," I returned.

I was positively indignant at his continued return to the scenes of the past, so full of tacit reproach and unutterable woe to me. I felt a passion rising in my heart, and to my face, and I feared it would find words, so I bit my lips and still trifled with the flowers. He said no more; but soon glancing at him, I found he had leaned back against a tree, and seemed immersed in fearful and bitter thought.

My heart melted; I could have flung myself into his arms, at his feet, and sobbed out my regret for my folly, my love for him still, had he once looked toward me; but he did not. Hopeless, almost, of touching my feelings, he had relinquished the attempt, and appeared to live now but in the remembrance of past happiness and love.

The time of visitation had passed away, and stronger than ever within me arose that cold, proud spirit. I felt a pleasure in causing him unhappiness, I believe, because it seemed to me that he had reproached me unjustly at first, suspected me without any reasonable or sufficient cause. Alas for the woman who gives way to the attentions of any one in a spirit like this—that of causing pain to another! Alas for the wife who seeks thus to revenge any real or supposed slight of her husband! Alas for him, too, if he knows not how to charm this blind spirit; how to wile away this evil hour!

At Rochefort Court, by the grave of my mother, I knelt down and sobbed out passionate reproaches to my husband, passionate entreaties for *her* return to her unsettled child, passionate self-upbraidings for my want of devotion to her. O, truly may the daughter who shrinks from her duty to give temporary pleasure to a lover, truly may that daughter tremble ever at her own deed, for indeed, and in truth, it shall bring its full retribution. The man who has seen a woman false to one great duty for his sake, will, probably, and perhaps justly, dread her falseness to her duty to him should another sufficient inducement arise to tempt her to forgetfulness. The one with which I had apparently forgotten the kindness of the most devoted of mothers, seemed to my husband, doubtless, a foundation for suspicion of my constancy to him. It was natural enough that it should be so; but I resented, nevertheless, this doubt, as something too bold, too audacious to require other than indignant, contemptuous silence in reply. I took my stand as if I were the aggrieved party, waiting for him to come and atone for the wrong done me.

It was a strange infatuation, that of mine; a singular instance of perverted sensitiveness; but it was so. My husband's love, his regard for my youth, my natural vivacity too much restrained at the very first blossoming of womanhood, for a season, by my position as pupil in a convent, and then too suddenly permitted entire freedom of thought and action. All these remembrances of the past made him long too lenient, too indulgent to my faults, and by the time he had summoned courage to point them out, I had progressed far enough in the path of error to deem such intimation of fault itself a fault too grievous to be borne patiently.

I cannot say now, whether the constant intimacy sustained with an insinuating, graceful, free thinking man, whose position gave him honored *entree* to our homes, and whose agreeableness made him ever a welcome visitor there, —to some, at least—might not have had some influence in the change; but if it was so, it was certainly quite unsuspected by myself.

I sat by the tomb of my mother, thinking over the past, and endeavoring to conjecture a future; and whilst I sat it seemed as though the pure loving spirit of the dead rose before me, and pointed out safety alone in affectionate, confiding reliance on the true, manly heart of my husband. My mother was again with me, and as her gentle tones fell sweetly upon my ears, the tears burst forth, and I wept bitterly.

"O, mother! What must that patient spirit have felt, to see, day after day, thy only daughter, thy youngest child, withdraw from thy presence to seek forgetfulness of thy danger in scenes of gaiety, or in the society of her lover! O, mother, regard tenderly thy erring child, and keep her, by thy presence, in the pathway of duty and happiness!"

Such were some of my thoughts which found unconscious utterance, as I sat alone in that place of the departed. But whilst I yet sobbed in the first violence of my grief, I felt strong arms flung round me, and my head drawn with a fond, gentle grasp to a throbbing breast.

Philip had followed me. The spirit of the dead was with us, moving powerfully in my heart, and no longer seeking to resist, I fell weeping in the arms which enclosed me. We were reconciled. The atmosphere of that quiet spot seemed fraught with love and forgiveness, and neither seeking an apology from the other, but yielding passionately to the charm, we mingled our tears together.

"Isabel," said my husband, an hour later, as we left the place arm-in-arm, and directed our steps to the hall; "Isabel, dear one, now I am myself again! O, what a weight seems lifted from my spirit—what a mist those tears of thine have washed from my eyes! I am free again, dear one! We will now start again together, and O, may our journey be ever undisturbed by doubt! May we tread onward in the appointed path, full of love and faith, and an earnest reliance on each other. God bless thee, Isabel, my wife, my only one!" and he drew me closer to his heart, and pressed a husband's pure kiss upon my forehead.

"Dear Philip!" I murmured, raising his hand involuntarily to my lips, whilst the tears flowed again over my cheeks.

Lovers again united, after the stormy breath of suspicion has passed over them, we were, and the world put on a more glorious aspect to our eyes, whilst our hearts beat in glad unison, and our looks spoke love. The balmy airs of summer played with a fragrant freshness over my brow, yet damp with my husband's tears, and I determined then to give no more pain to the heart so devoted, so forbearing. The glowing lines of the sunset seemed then but a reflection of the brightness of our lot, of the warmth of our love.

And the flowers breathed more sweetness than usual upon the evening air, and the birds carolled with unwonted melody. The joyousness of our spirits cast light over all things, and hope and happiness smiled cheerily upon our path. Alas! how mutable is life, how uncertain all earthly enjoyments! how unstable all foundations not founded on true virtue, as on a rock! But why damp the present with this moralizing? We were happy then, and in that happiness let us rest.

We found Rochefort playing with his baby-boy, and chatting affectionately with his charming wife, and with long unaccustomed vivacity, my husband mingled in the conversation, whilst I took the child and sat down in the shade of the window curtain, and looked pleasantly upon the talkers.

"Why do you smile, Aunt 'Bella?" lisped the boy, clasping my neck with his rosy arms, and gazing into my face. "Why do you smile now?"

"Because I feel good, darling. People do smile when they feel good. I hope you will always be good, Ro—will you, dear?"

"I don't know, Aunt 'Bella—" and the boy, seeming to have no more power of expressing some confused idea, looked serious for a little time, and then ran off to his uncle, who received him with open arms.

Philip was fond of children, and I thought he never looked better than that evening, as he sat, looking at me often, conversing with Rochefort, and fondling his boy.

The days passed rapidly away in our new state of happiness, and the weeks went on until Philip, almost unwillingly, spoke of returning to our home. It was time for us to return, but he seemed unwilling to leave scenes where happiness had twice been in his daily grasp; or, perhaps, it might be less a suspicion than an unconscious foreboding of evil which induced him to delay, from day to day, our departure.

The morning ere we left, we visited together the tombs of our parents, and there, with tears and kisses, registered anew our vows of reliance and of love. And he appeared to leave with a reassured spirit—the holy teachings of that hallowed spot had worked their natural influences on his heart. Love alone breathed there; doubt shrank away as a gnome unlicensed to approach that sacred place.

"We will ever love each other, Isabel," said my husband, tenderly."

I rested my head on his breast as we stood by the tomb.

"*Ever*, dear husband!" I repeated, affectionately; and *then* I should have shrank from a suspicion of change as from something unutterably presumptuous and insulting.

We left Rochefort Court as happily as on our first going forth together into the world; a continual honeymoon seemed to proffer its pleasures to our view. We arrived at our home late at night, and as I sought my dressing room, I could scarcely convince myself that I was indeed the very individual who had left it so unhappy.

My husband joined me, and we remained long that night by the open window proposing plans for our future guidance, and objects for our pursuit. The last thought that came clearly over my brain, as I sank into soft slumbers, was that of ever remaining thus confiding and sincere.

"Is your lady at home?" questioned a voice I knew well, the next morning, as I leaned out of my chamber window to gaze upon the scenery round my home, now decked with the rainbow hues of hope and resuscitated confidence. "Is your lady at home?"

"She is engaged, I believe," was the response. And I only regretted that I had not been denied entirely. I did not wish so soon after my return to encounter Clayborne, who seemed now almost the evil genius who had caused all my previous suffering.

"Not at home," I said to the servant, who inquired, and I heard the horseman ride slowly away.

I looked after him, and wondered how I could ever compare that slender, supple figure with the strong, graceful form of my Philip. For a time the spell had ceased to work, and the happiness of our home was continual and serene.

"Will you row me down the Derwent this fine morning, Philip?" I inquired, as I entered the library, and found him deeply buried in old books.

"Yes, if you particularly desire it, 'Bella; but I am rather deeply interested in my subject, and would prefer remaining at home this morning. But let it be as you wish, my dear."

"Nay, I have no wish about it," I returned, carelessly, half angry at his having any pleasure unconnected with me. "I will go alone."

"I don't like to have you go on the river alone, you know, dear; it is scarcely safe—a sudden breeze at some turn might cause some accident. Come, I will go with you," and he put his books aside, and followed me out of the room.

The breeze threatened, passed away without any traces, and I did not see, then, that my good humor was preserved at the expense of my husband's declared wishes. I felt that I had earned the right to be exceedingly gay, because I had not suffered myself to be angry. What strange feelings govern us!

"Who is that lady, De Cohen?" I inquired that afternoon, as I stood with him in a chamber, which had been his father's. "Who is she? A singular-looking face—fascinating—yet not very pleasing. It seems to me that I have a vague idea of somewhere having seen her. I feel now as I fancy she felt when that portrait was taken! Who was she?"

"The affianced of my father in early youth. He never forgot her; although his union with my mother was truly one of affection and happiness. She was a strange creature, I believe. I have somewhere some tablets of hers, a sort of diary, kept during the time she was engaged to my father, and which she sent him after the affair was broken off. Would you like to see them, 'Bella?"

"O, dearly; I feel uncommonly interested in her story. Did she die young?"

"Not very; she lived long enough to cast shadows over many hearths, to disturb the faith of more than one heart, to destroy the happiness of one— But I know but little of her; only partial recollections of things heard when a child. Of course, *here* the theme was not a frequent one, though that portrait ever held an honored place in my father's house. It was taken in early youth, before any very perceptible traces had exhibited themselves of his future character. I will find you the papers some day."

"You must find them at once, dear Philip. I am certain I shall not rest until I know all I can learn of this strange face. Go now, and look for them, that's a dear fellow!" and I pushed him gently from the room.

"Here they are, 'Bella," said my husband, an hour later, as we stood in the gallery, on our way to the dining-room; "but you must not read them to night. I am going to visit Loudain in the morning about some farms he has to sell adjoining those estates, and the story will amuse you during my absence."

The evening passed pleasantly away, but I could not keep my thoughts from wandering to the features I had seen, and the fragments of a story I had heard. We breakfasted unusually early, and I withdrew to my dressing-room with the precious documents in my hands, and sat down to decypher them.

——, April 17, 1740.

This man is provokingly earnest. I love him almost for his perseverance; but I will not be bound. Wherefore should he monopolize my thoughts? Saraville, Weir, St. Luce, all, are as devoted as he; and it is too soon to settle down. What a lovely morning it is after the storm! These storms ever awaken a kindred buoyancy in my spirits; and alas for those who try me when nature around and nature within alike are wrought into tempest! Why could not the fool see that I was troubled? Why would he persist in reasoning with me, when feeling, not reason alone, was awake in me? O, these cold-blooded Saxons! If I could meet with a man with a soul of fire, a heart fervent and enthusiastic, then, perhaps, I could love one only. But I never have found such—I may yet—and if I should, I feel that, however placed, our souls must mingle. No! it is folly to talk of marriage. I am but seventeen, and ere ten years were over, I might bitterly regret it; and then, alas! for my husband. I will refuse."

19th. His perseverance is wonderful; it is almost as powerful as passion; he declares he *will* succeed—and I almost fear that he will! I like him well enough; but our natures are as far apart as the equator from the north pole.

25th. Well, I suppose it must be. He "believes I love him," he says, because I cannot truly say that I do not; and he thinks the feeling will ripen on more intimate acquaintance. If it does not—if we marry!

Sly boy. So the fool is jealous! I must, forsooth, see no one, because I have consented to see in him my husband! O, this is very amusing! If Satan shows his cloven foot so soon, how will it be hereafter! I shall not—[the writing was effaced, and a space seemed left in the diary which was continued, undated.]

Poor Saraville! he has gone madly to his doom, and how hard will his young wife remem-

her the lover she trusted
keep up the acquaintance;
think it should have con
Well, St. Luce must rema
thing has died away. W
soft hearted! He was bak
and at present, the field is
vering love of mine seems

August 6th, '43. I saw
ing, for the last time! This
he says, from my coquetr
mounted his infatuation
woman who has caused tr
or deserted, and who yet s
the ruin she has wrought—
let him relinquish it. I can

So he is married! ma
afraid of himself! and to t
too! that doll, with neithe
he be happy! The count
ly, this morning, I fan
heard of that last escap
St. Luce is always careles
unmarried, I might have
Heigh ho!"

Upon the envelope was
"Obt. July 7th, 1755. "
ciful, for they shall obta

I conceived this writing
Lord De Cohen, and I f
learn more of this strange
why, but in reading her j
as if I had felt with her,
once the feelings which le
unhappy. It was rather
death seemed to have occ
and month and year of my
be that the souls of the d
purified, or hardened, by
the dark valley, into some
the world? The idea star
I sat musing on the subje
return wakened me from
had indulged. I involunt
walked out into the gard

"Dear Philip," said I,
alone in our sitting roo
thought that the souls of
the spirits of the newly b

"Isabel, love! what o
you? It is wonderful to
mysterious problem, whic
ancient sages. When did
into that ever-changing h

"I scarcely know, Phil
this morning, and whilst
became possessed with a
having had, sometime,
this woman; and then I
very day I was born! It

"Singular that one sou
whilst another is just w
from the bosom of the A
mean this, my life? Th
you must remember. Ea
seek their future, and en
born into the world. I
this, I confess."

I was silent, and grad
hung in a room rarely o
were returned to my heart
began to certain died
myself no longer with su
certain themes.

My child! my beautifu
thrilled with grateful aff
ories of my childhood, wi
clasp, for the first time, h
and ever tender heart. N
then taunted him, or din
that hour. The wife of
of his child, was erected
heart as an idol worthy
worship. Dear Philip!
on, and the babe recogn
often bent over it, and cr
it beheld its father, how
novel, blissful feeling, he
all—even to the man wh
der on his hearth! Thos
and I wrote well how
my husband—the doting

Sept. 27, 1781. The
earth is overshadowed!
souls hath departed! T
his relentless power, and
flower faded—the star h
what a void hast thou le
vacancy by our hearth!
ruled us so completely,
which waked our spirits
eyes which seemed to su
assure clouds of heaven—
My boy! my boy! O, re
yond bearing is mine in
ness! So I exclaimed,
as I bent over the couch
had that day been carri
place.

"Not loneliness, belo
der, sad, earnest voice b
turning, I laid my head
burst afresh into tears.

"O, Adelle!"

"The boy is happy,
gave hath taken away,"
his voice trembled, and
my head.

"But are we happy,
sionately; "are we happ
have made our child ha
not love it—worship it?

"I fear that very wo
us, Isabel. We forgot
He hath reclaimed it.
Bella, but such sorrows
not harden the heart.
that we may yet recogn
this affliction, and add
of idolatry."

"I cannot pray now!
my boy! my boy!"

My husband knelt b
upon his shoulder, an
that ever beautiful pray

"Thy will be done!"

…e?" questioned a voice I …rning, as I leaned out of … gaze upon the scenery …ecked with the rainbow …ditated confidence. "Is …

…lieve," was the response. …at I had not been denied … so soon after my return …who seemed now almost …caused all my previous …

…ld to the servant, who …e horseman ride slowly …

…d wondered how I could …der, supple figure with …m of my Philip. For a …ed to work, and the hap…continual and serene.

…flown the Derwent this … I inquired, as I entered …him deeply buried in old …

…ularly desire it, 'Bella; …interested in my subject, …ning at home this morn…ou wish, my dear."

…h about it," I returned, …his having any pleasure

"I will go alone."

…ve you go on the river …r; it is scarcely safe—a …turn might cause some …ll go with you," and he …d followed me out of the …

…ed, passed away without … not see, then, that my …ved at the expense of my …ches. I felt that I had …exceedingly gay, because …self to be sugry. What …us!

…De Cohen?" I inquired …ood with him in a cham… father's. "Who is she? …ce—fascinating—yet not …ms to me that I have a …ore having seen her. I …e felt when that portrait …she!"

…my father in early youth. …although his union with …ne of affection and happi…age creature, I believe. I …e tablets of hers, a sort of …time she was engaged to …ne sent him after the affair …ld you like to see them,

…uncommonly interested in …young?"

…ed long enough to cast …earths, to disturb the faith …art, to destroy the happi… know but little of her; …ns of things heard when *here* the theme was not …n that portrait ever held …y father's house. It was …efore any very perceptible …themselves of his future …l you the papers some

…em at once, dear Philip. …t rest until I know all I …nge face. Go now, and …dear fellow!" and I push… room.

…lla," said my husband, an …d in the gallery, on our …m; "but you must not I am going to visit Lou…out some farms he has to …states, and the story will …absence."

…d pleasantly away, but I …oughts from wandering to …n, and the fragments of a …We breakfasted unusually …o my dressing-room with …ts in my hands, and sat …

——, April 17, 1740.

…okingly earnest. I love …severance; but I will not …e should be monopolize …the, Weir, St. Luce, all, …and it is too soon to settle …r mourning it is after the …e ever awaken a kindred …s; and alas for those who …around and nature within …o tempest! Why could …I was troubled? Why …soning with me, when feel… was awake in me? O, …axons! If I could meet …l of fire, a heart fervent …perhaps, I could love one …re found such—I may yet …eel that, however placed, …. No! it is folly to talk …ut seventeen, and ere ten …ht bitterly regret is; and …band. I will refuse."

…ance is wonderful; it is …passion; he declares he …most fear that he will! I …; but our natures are as …r from the north pole.

…se it must be. He "be…e says, because I cannot …; and he thinks the feel…e intimate acquaintance. …narry!

…I is jealous! I must, for…se I have consented to …t! O, this is very annus… his cloven foot so soon, …! I shall not—[the writ… space seemed left in the …ued, undated.]

…has gone madly to his …ill his young wife remem… her the lover she trusted? I did not mean to keep up the acquaintance; but it was to be. To think it should have concluded so tragically! Well, St. Luce must remain away now until the thing has died away. Weir has withdrawn—soft-hearted! He was half frightened to death! and at present, the field is clear, and this persevering love of mine seems likely to marry the day.

August 6th, '43. I saw my lover, this morning, for the last time! This fresh duel, resulting, he says, from my coquetry, has at length surmounted his infatuation. He could not marry a woman who has caused two wives to be widowed or deserted, and who yet smiles so carelessly on the ruin she has wrought—he could not! Well, let him relinquish it. I care not. St. Luce will—

So he *is* married! married suddenly, as if afraid of himself! and to that gentle, quiet girl, too! that doll, with neither spirit nor fire! May he be happy! The countess regarded me coldly, this morning, I fancy. Perhaps she has heard of that last escapade of her husband's. St. Luce is always careless. If he had returned unmarried, I might have accepted him, after all. Heigh ho!"

Upon the envelope was, in different writing: "Obt. July 7th, 1755. 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'"

I conceived this writing to be that of the late Lord De Cohen, and I felt doubly anxious to learn more of this strange woman. I knew not why, but in reading her interrupted MSS. I felt as if I had felt with her, and comprehended at once the feelings which left her so unsettled and unhappy. It was rather singular, too; her death seemed to have occurred on the very day and month and year of my own birth. Could it be that the souls of the dying pass, somewhat purified, or hardened, by their journey through the dark valley, into some creature new born into the world? The idea startled me, and for a time I sat musing on the subject, until my husband's return wakened me from the wild dreaming I had indulged. I went to meet him, and we walked out into the gardens, joyous and happy.

"Dear Philip," said I, that evening, as we sat alone in our sitting-room, "have you ever thought that the souls of the departing became the spirits of the newly born?"

"Isabel, love! what odd fancy has bewitched you? It is wonderful to see you puzzling over a mysterious problem, which has been too deep for ancient sages. When did this new notion enter into that ever-changing head, Bella?"

"I scarcely know, Philip; but whilst I read this morning, and whilst I looked last night, I became possessed with a confused notion of my having had, sometime, some connection with this woman; and then I find that she died the very day I was born! It is singular!"

"Singular that one soul should seek its judge whilst another is just winging its flight pure from the bosom of the All Creator? Do you mean this, my life? This occurs continually, you must remember. Each moment many souls seek their Father, and each moment many are born into the world. I see nothing singular in this, I confess."

I was silent, and gradually—as the portrait hung in a room rarely opened, and the papers were returned to my keeping, the notion I had begun to entertain died away, and I troubled myself no longer with such mysterious and uncertain themes.

My child! my beautiful one! how my heart thrilled with grateful affection, and soft memories of my childhood, when I saw my husband clasp, for the first time, his boy to his yearning and ever tender heart. No faults of the mother then haunted him, or dimmed the happiness of that hour. The wife of his choice, the mother of his child, was erected on the altar of his heart as an idol worthy unceasing devotion and worship. Dear Philip! And when time went on, and the babe recognized the fond face so often bent over it, and crowed with joy whenever it beheld its father, how his brow flushed with a novel, blissful feeling, how his heart warmed to all—even to the man who had seemed an intruder on his hearth! Those were happy hours! and I recollect well how tenderly I felt towards my husband—the doting father of my child.

Sept. 27, 1781. The brilliant bloom of the earth is overshadowed! The joyousness of our souls hath departed! The destroyer came, in his relentless power, and the bud withered—the flower faded—the star hath fallen! O, Adelle! what a void hast thou left in our heart! what a vacancy by our hearth! The lisping tones which ruled us so completely, the soft, gentle laugh which waked our spirit to rapture, the lustrous eyes which seemed to us more glorious than the azure clouds of heaven—where are they gone? My boy! my boy! O, return to me! agony beyond bearing is mine in this silence and loneliness! So I exclaimed, with passionate sorrow, as I bent over the couch from which the sleeper had that day been carried to his last resting-place.

"Not loneliness, beloved!" whispered a tender, sad, earnest voice by my side; and, without turning, I laid my head against his breast, and burst afresh into tears.

"O, Adelle!"

"The boy is happy, my wife, and He who gave hath taken away," said my husband; but his voice trembled, and his tears fell fast upon my head.

"But are we happy, Philip?" I replied, passionately; "are we happy? And could not we have made our child happy with us? Did we not love it—worship it?"

"I fear that very worship hath taken it from us, Isabel. We forgot the Giver in the gift, and He hath reclaimed it. It is a great sorrow, Bella, but such sorrows are intended to soften, not harden the heart. Let us pray, dear one, that we may yet recognize the Father's hand in this affliction, and add not rebellion to our sin of idolatry."

"I cannot pray now! I am too desolate. O, my boy! my boy!"

My husband knelt by me, and drew my face upon his shoulder, and began to repeat aloud that ever beautiful prayer of our Lord.

"Thy will be done!" My heart refused to repeat the words; my soul still rebelled against the decree which had gone forth, taking forever away the delight of my eyes—the flower of my garden. But I felt softened and solemnized, and I pressed Philip's hand affectionately, as he arose and sat down near me.

"We will love each other all the more, beloved, now that the circle of our affection hath been narrowed. We will remember our happiness as a dream of intense bliss with which God hath blessed us for a time, and then seen fit to take away. Still, there is cause for rejoicing, Bella, for you—you, who have given another pure spirit to swell the songs of the happy in heaven! Thank God, dear wife, that your boy hath escaped the manifold temptations of life. Now his happiness is secure; and he died gently and beautifully as he had lived. Already I feel almost that it was a dream from which we have suddenly wakened; but the sight of this little cot speaks powerfully to the reality of our past happiness."

"And our present sorrow!" I exclaimed, whilst I sat on that little deserted bed, with my face buried on my husband's less agitated because more earnest and trustful heart. He believed in a futurity that I only, perhaps, knew as a vision—a something not tangible.

1783.

"The violets have bloomed and faded often since our mother gathered them, Isabel," observed my brother, as we walked together through the groves of Rochefort Court.

I did not reply; how could I? The remembrance of that mother was too intimately entwined with thoughts of my husband—thought no more joyous or hopeful to me.

"Have you heard from Philip since you came to us, Bella?"

"No."

"Do you expect to hear?"

"No! I do not. I scarcely can," was the low reply, whilst pride struggled strongly with love to keep my voice unfaltering; my head was averted, to conceal the feelings I knew were visible in my face.

"Is there no way of reconciliation, dear? He has loved you so well."

"None, none! Let us speak no more on this subject, brother. I came to you—to the old home—for shelter and rest; elsewhere, there is no longer any for me! Be patient a little while, and you will know all before long."

"I will ask no more questions, Isabel, since they pain you. You are welcome home, for you cannot, you could not seek this sacred shelter, if anything more to be grieved for than folly had darkened your own hearth."

I was silent, and we walked slowly back to the hall. He went to seek renewed cheerfulness from his gentle wife and his children, and I—I sought my chamber with hasty, though trembling steps, and, secluded in its solitude, gave way to my grief. Where was the strong arm, the true heart, which had ever hitherto supported me through each sorrow? Alas! I knew too well that heart felt even deeper agony than mine, for it sorrowed over its shattered idol, its desecrated shrine! How came it that, when the first grief for my boy had faded, and my husband was enmeshed to look more into the business of his estates, and the [illegible] people, than he could do whilst a nearer deity at home kept him ever watchful by my side—how was it that that graceful, gentle, loved minister of peace found his way so continually into our quiet home? devoted himself with such unobtrusive solicitude to awaken fresh sources of thought? My table was loaded with the soft poetry of Italy, the witty publications of Paris; and to aid him, as he said, to acquire that perfect pronunciation of the tongues my girlhood had heard as household words, we read alternately, commenting occasionally on the page.

My husband's faith had become too deep in his wife, the mother of "our angel boy" (the child ever living to his faith, though to mine, it was more frequently a treasure lost—not more securely casketed), to fear now any influence a stranger could exert upon my heart; and, although he did not approve my new engagements, never having respected Clayborne, he was not willing to interfere, believing that this steady perusal of the poets of that Italy so familiar to my youth, might be, perhaps, the best relief I could find from the pressure of one overwhelming sorrow. Leaving me, when almost compelled by other duties, which I could never interest myself in sufficiently to afford pleasure to either of us, in full reliance in my faith, in my love, he came back to inquire affectionately about my progress, and to read to me his favorite passages in the poets I loved best. At first, I did not shrink from his inquiries; I was gratified by them; but time wore on, and I became almost insensibly interested in the feelings which seemed to struggle out in defiance of the most arduous self-control, whilst my companion, at once pupil and teacher, read with so deep a tenderness the finest love passages, in the sweetest language of the world.

Thus, month by month—these readings generally occupied two or three mornings each week—the snare extended, the pit deepened; and when the fine spring weather came, to lure out into the fields, and to destroy the peculiar charm of the hearth, I not unfrequently regretted, when by my husband's side, the insinuating flatteries I had become accustomed to hear.

"Shall we row on the river to night, Bella?" said Philip, one fine evening in early May. "It is warm, and it will be pleasant on the Derwent; then we can stop at the foot of the Heights, and if you like to venture the ascent, I will play my part as becomes a 'bon cavalier.' What say you, love?"

"O, let us go by all means, Philip! I long to have a row again; it is the most bewitching of all enjoyments, I think. Such delicious languor steals over you, looking down into the water, and listening to the splashing of the oars. It invariably makes me feel as if in a dream."

"I wont say anything about the languor, for rowing is, occasionally, not very gentle exercise, you know; but I can quite enter into your enjoyment, nevertheless, only from a different point of view. You judge from your quiet employment—almost a sinecure here—at the helm; I from the post of active, and therefore to me more pleasant duty, at the oar. Will you be ready soon?"

"Immediately," I replied; and went out to prepare for the excursion.

The beautiful Derwent! who that has ever floated gently, on a summer night, over the fair waters in which the heights above bend down to worship their own image, until, like Narcissus of old, they fade away, in the deepening twilight; who, that has experienced the changeful feelings (changeful, yet all changes of happiness), an evening like this, on the Derwent, is so fraught with—can ever forget? And I was not likely to forget. We sat quietly in the boat, watching the last purpled clouds of the sunset pass slowly away, when suddenly the boat struck sharply, and I started suddenly from my seat to be precipitated into the stream. I knew no more then. The last words I heard was the agonized exclamation, "my wife!" from the lips of my husband.

I woke to find myself on a sofa in a strange apartment, with my husband (his clothes all wet and his face pale) hanging over me. I smiled, in reply to his question, "how do you feel, dearest?" and then glanced from my wet garments, roughly covered with cloaks, round the chamber. It was a pleasant cottage parlor, and I heeded not the presence of the host, who now stepped forward, to tell me I was the guest of the clergyman. I heard afterward that it was the bare, extended roots of an old oak, which bent over the river, that the boat had struck against, and that had I remained quiet there was no danger. My sudden rising had upset the boat, and cast both of us into the water. My husband found little comparative difficulty in saving me; but fearful, on account of my long swoon, had accepted the first assistance in carrying me to the nearest house, which happened to be the vicarage.

When we drove home, that evening, Mr. Clayborne accompanied us, and inquiring after my health brought him every day. Why should I trace the progress of our estrangement? Many hearts already know too well the varying paths which all end in destruction—destruction of happiness, if not of honor. My husband was at length compelled to express his disapprobation of the acquaintance—to repeat more distinctly his dislike to the character of our constant visitor. Had he not been the clergyman, a rich one, and so the natural associate of those in our position, others would have found room for scandal before Philip broke the silence, which had grown up between us, by any allusion to such an unhappy subject.

The thunder-cloud had been gathering slowly, gathering long, and I had seen it, had felt it, yet found no spirit to break the net around me, and fling myself on the heart of my husband. But the storm burst. Lord De Cohen had found in my dressing-room a note, simply the copy of some Italian love-verses, but still intended by Clayborne, received by me, and read by Philip, as a love-letter. I had dropped it carelessly, as I came in from a long drive (ostensibly to visit a poor widow), in which the minister had accompanied me, and [illegible] while I was on the sofa, my husband came in from his ride—came in with cheerfulness, renewed by the pleasant attentions of his tenants, and the fine autumn day. But he came for the last time—a lover husband—to the presence of his wife. Whilst sitting, watching my sleep, he saw the open billet on the carpet, and seeing it contained verses, began thoughtlessly to read. He read on, to the end; but the smile had faded from his eyes, and a dark cloud settled on his brow. Could it be that his wife received, and treasured, love-letters from another? He sat until I wakened, and then interrupted me, in the middle of some careless question, by putting the open paper upon my knee, looking me calmly in the face—calmly, but it was the calmness of despair.

"What is this, Isabel? Hush! Don't equivocate! I see all now! Only tell me, are you prepared at once directly to return all such—if you can have received before such love vows from another, whilst my wife—with a plain avowal of my knowledge of the past, and a clear command from yourself that that man shall never dare to think, or speak of you, again? Will you do this, Isabel? Tell me."

"How can I, Philip? It would seem so strange, people would talk, he has visited here so constantly. Besides, he alone is not guilty. But I will—"

"You will do nothing, then, Bella," interrupted he, whilst the perspiration stood in thick drops upon his brow; "I cannot trust you. It is for me to act! Remain here; I will see you again, presently." And he hurriedly left the room.

I sat long—it seemed hours—with my face buried in my hands, regretting vainly my irresolution, and feeling too truly that all my love was, after all, with the husband I had so foolishly estranged—not with the tempter who had excited only my imagination. At last came the thought, what will occur? Philip is no duellist; *what will he do?* I grew mad, whilst seeking some pathway out of this labyrinth; and at length, hating the idea of seeing him again—the lover now transformed into the judge—and hating more the idea of Clayborne, I directed my trembling maid (an old, tried servant, who had often remonstrated with me in vain) to put up some things, and order my carriage.

"I am going home to see my brother," I said; and she no longer hesitated to obey.

I wrote hastily a few words to my husband.

"Philip, farewell! Don't seek to see me again. You are right—you cannot trust me—I cannot trust myself; therefore, I fly! But remember, he alone is not guilty. To punish him, you must also punish me! Remember, too, in word only have we sinned. Farewell! may you be happier than I have made you." And I came home.

"Isabel," spoke my brother, entering my chamber, more than a week after our conversation, "I have received a letter from Philip." I could not speak. I only looked the question I would ask.

"It is but a short note," continued he, "but by this time he has left England. Isabel!"

I had burst into tears.

"Isabel!" said he, again.

"Don't ask anything! Can I see the letter?"

"Yes." He held it towards me.

I took it without a word.

"If you wish to see me, Isabel, I shall be alone in the library all the morning," said he, with a sigh, and left the room.

I locked the door, and then knelt down by the sofa, and endeavored to trace the writing through the blinding tears.

"Dear Brother: You will perhaps have heard from Isabel—or concluded from her sudden visit to you alone—that something unpleasant had occurred between us. She can explain everything; if she does not wish to do so, I shall be silent. By the time you receive this—I have directed it not to be sent until such time—I shall be on my way to India. I go as a volunteer. Sir Eyre Coote was the friend of my father, and will welcome his son, I doubt not. I propose being absent three or four years, at least. Isabel, if she sees fit to return home, will find I have arranged so that she can live as quietly as she may wish. I have invited our new clergyman, an old man (who was also a school fellow of my father's), with his pleasant wife, to occupy the east wing of the house during my absence, and they are settled there. So that Isabel need not fear entire solitude, unless it is her choice. You know we usually lived in the west wing, ourselves, and these occupants will not in any way interfere with her. Farewell! I should, perhaps, have preferred Holland to India, but there is now nothing to do there, since the peace was signed last month. Farewell! My love to your wife. God bless you all. Farewell.

"Philip."

I did not go to my home; how could I? My brother went and bore my wishes also for the new guests to make themselves at home there, explaining that I preferred remaining in his family during my husband's absence. People did not wonder at that. And what with the just concluded wars with France, Spain, Holland and America, there were sufficient themes for discussion, and few found leisure to ask why Lord De Cohen had joined the Indian army.

My brother fulfilled his promise. He never questioned me. And I wore out my life, loitering in the cemetery until my dress was heavy with dew, and weakly trying to take interest in the calm, domestic happiness of that household—all in vain. "Those that sow the wind must reap the whirlwind." I shall write no more.

There were many blank pages in the diary, but, under the date, Nov. 17, '84, was, in weak, almost illegible writing, blotted as with tears: "He is dead! I have just heard it, and yet I live, though I killed him. Philip! Philip! I will be calm." My brother came in gently an hour ago, and sat down by me on my sofa. I scarcely leave the sofa now; my night walks have brought their expected result, and consumption is wearing out my life.

"How are you, to-day, Bella?" said he, affectionately; "better, I hope?"

I shook my head, and smiled. The best change I hoped for was the last, and I knew that would come before long.

"Are you strong enough to hear ill news, dear? I have heard of Philip."

[illegible] for some fourteen months, but I can, I trust, bear it, inquiringly.

"Yes; can you bear it?"

"I can bear anything but suspense!" exclaimed I, impatiently. Then added: "Forgive me. Is he dead?"

My brother was silent, but I saw I had guessed right.

"You have a letter there; can I see it?" said I, after a pause, in which I had struggled to be calm.

He put it in my hand and rose.

"God help you, Bella," said he, gently, and left the room.

He knew solitude was best. I have copied that letter, as a penance, and my hand did not tremble much. I have more firmness now.

"Sir: Sir Eyre Coote has requested me to inform you, in order that no news may be broken as gently as may be to Lady De Cohen, of the unfortunate loss we have all sustained in the death of her brave husband. He was killed, with two other officers, by an ambush of the natives. Sir E. Coote is so much engaged, he has been unwillingly compelled to employ another to write with his personal sympathy with your sorrow would have preferred to say himself. The three killed were buried with due honors. All papers will be forwarded as soon as practicable. We are on the eve of a battle.

"——"

There was another tablet erected in the burial-place of Rochefort Court, bearing these inscriptions:

"Sacred to the memory of Philip, Lord De Cohen, who fell in the Carnatic, May 10th, 1784, aged 32 years. Also, to that of his wife Isabel —only daughter of Sir Roland Dunsaine and Lady Dunsaine, and Baroness Isabel De Rochefort—who died April 3d, 1785, aged 20 years. 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'"

[Translated for The Flag from the Hindostanee.]

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

In the reign of his majesty, Suleiman (who was king of all animated beings, whether men or beasts), a wise man presented to the king a cup filled with the water of life, brought from the invisible world. "It has been revealed to me," he said, "that if your majesty do not drink from this goblet you will soon be removed from this world, but that if you drink, you will have a long life. Drink, if you choose,—live till the day of judgment,—if you do not wish it, I dare depart to some other destitute land." Mighty Suleiman resolved in his heart that he would ask the advice of learned men. According to his command, therefore, all his counsellors, man and beast, assembled themselves in his presence. He then unfolded to them this secret matter. Thereupon each began to speak in favor of immortality. The conclusion to which they came was this: "That the attainment of a great old age is a treasure, which, with the help of wisdom bestows many benefits. O king, if Allah approve, adopt thou our opinion." In short, it was the decision of all that his majesty should drink of the cup of the water of life. Then Suleiman asked, "Is there any wise one in my dominions who is not present at this council?" All answered, "the bear is absent." The horse was sent by his majesty to call him. But the bear had ceased to mingle with the world, and was dwelling in contentment in an obscure forest; he therefore disregarded the summons of the horse. The dog was next sent to bring him, and at length the bear presented himself at court. "We have called you," said his majesty, "for counsel, what now is your advice?" and he told the bear of the elixir.

The bear asked, "Will the king alone drink of this water of life, or will all his friends and relations partake of it?" His majesty replied, "It has come for me alone; to give it to others is not permitted me; how shall I do it?" "O refuge of the world!" he answered, "what is it to become a god upon earth? what is it to be raised to the rank of an immortal from the midst of your equals and mortal friends? Allah has made you a ruler in this world: but without helpers and sympathizers nothing can ever be accomplished."

His majesty praised these true and prudent words, and refused the water of life.

ANECDOTE OF DARASHUKOH.

Darashukoh, the son of Shah jahan, was exceedingly fond of birds. Once he caused it to be proclaimed throughout the city that whoever had a hunting bird, or one that excelled in flying or fighting or singing should the next morning present himself at court. This was joyful news to bird fanciers, who made great preparations accordingly. Having practised their birds in flying, fighting, and singing, they went to the prince at the hour he had appointed with much ceremony. A right seer, in order to gain admission to the spectacle, shut up a crow in a cage, and, covering it with a rich cloth, followed the others. The birds of all the rest had been uncovered and exhibited. Each individual had spoken the praises of his own, and had received a price for it. At last the turn of the sight seer came. Thereupon he was greatly perplexed, so that the people took the cage from his hand, removed the covering, and displayed to the prince the crow. When he saw it, the prince burst into a laugh, and said, "Master! you have seen and heard the value of the birds of all these men; now tell us the value of yours." The fellow stood still with folded hands, and replied, "Your noble highness! some of these birds excel in flying, some in fighting, some in singing; mine is excellent only in impudence." Darashukoh was so pleased with his ready answer that he bought his crow along with the other birds, giving for it a larger sum than for any of the rest.

FAN-CY SOLDIERS.

Though it may sound somewhat singular and extraordinary to talk of a soldier with a fan, yet the use of that article is so general in Japan, that no respectable man is to be seen without one. The fans are a foot long, and sometimes serve for parasols; at others, instead of memorandum books. They are adorned with paintings of landscapes, birds, flowers, or ingenious sentences. Upon their journey they make use of a fan, which has the roads printed upon it, and tells them how many miles they have to travel, what inns, etc. [illegible] fan, requires profound study and close attention. At feasts and ceremonies, the fan is always stuck in the girdle, behind the sabre, with the handle downward.—*Hildreth.*

THE
SPORTSMAN'S PORTFOLIO
OF
AMERICAN FIELD SPORTS.
We have just published a valuable Book, containing
TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS,
of large quarto size, on the finest of paper, depicting
Gunning, Fishing and Hunting,
in the country, and forming an elegant and interesting collection of fine pictures for the centre-table, with ample letter-press description, making it of intrinsic value. It will form also an admirable work for those who are studying designing, *to draw from.* That all may be able to possess this PICTORIAL GEM, it will be retailed at the unprecedented low price of
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS!
It can be sent by mail to all who desire it, and any one enclosing twenty-five cents to the office of publication, shall receive a copy at once. It will also be for sale at all of the periodical depots throughout the Union.
Newsmen should send in their orders at once, as this is a work which will sell rapidly on account of its attractive pictorial character and cheapness, and we print but a limited edition.
M. H. HALLOU, *Publisher,*
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.
A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.
The object of the paper is to present, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the
BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS,
and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is
BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED
with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in its design in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the school kingdom, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea. It is printed on fine satin surface paper, with new and beautiful type, presenting in its mechanical execution the highest specimen of art. The whole forms a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages. Each six months making a volume of 416 pages, with about one thousand splendid engravings.
TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.
1 subscriber, one year, $2 00
4 subscribers, " " 6 00
10 " " 20 00
Any person sending us sixteen subscribers at the last rate shall receive the seventeenth copy gratis.
*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4 00.
☞ Traveling agents are not employed on this paper. ☜ The PICTORIAL may be obtained at any of the periodical depots throughout the country, and of newsmen, at *six cents* per single copy.
Published every SATURDAY, by M. H. HALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON, MASS.
WHOLESALE AGENTS.
S. FRENCH, 123 Nassau Street, New York.
A. WINCH, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
HENRY TAYLOR, 178 Baltimore Street, Baltimore.
A. C. RAMEY, corner 6th and S. canons Sts., Cincinnati.
J. A. RICE, 43 Redoubt Avenue, Detroit.
E. K. WOOD & CO., corner 4th and Chestnut Sts., St. Louis.
SAMUEL ALEXANDER, Lexington, Kentucky.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LIFE'S VALE OF CONTENT.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

To no distant land need the pilgrim be sent,
In quest of that spot, termed Life's Vale of Content;"
Around our hearthstones its joys we partake,
When battling with error, for virtue's dear sake.

How false the delusion, that wealth can impart
One semblance of permanent peace to the heart;
Or, yield to our lucems those feelings refined,
Which deifies man by a standard of mind.

We darken the future, and vainly deceive
Our lofty pretensions-- thus made to believe;
And life loses much of that "solace and stay,
Which the world cannot give, nor the world take away."

To feel from the innermost soul, and enjoy
The warm gush of bliss, all untouched by alloy,
Consists in adhering to "reason's still voice"
And making the dictates of conscience our choice.

How blest is that mortal who's ever the same;
Unshrinking, adherent, in sunshine and rain;
Who stands undisturbed, amid trouble and fears,
When frowning misfortune its hydra-head rears.

That breast which is ruffled, as passions arise,
Like a lake, when the tempest sweeps wildly the skies,
Has not the firm principle based in the soul
Of him who can meet them, and meeting, control.

The thought how sustaining, how precious to feel,
That life's many woes often serve to our weal—
For, when the rude conflict with sorrow is past,
How pure is the climate, it yields us at last!

Dark clouds of dejection at times may pervade,
And burden our hopes by the gloom of their shade;
But angels of pleasure by mercy are sent,
To cheer with their presence "Life's Vale of Content."

To thee, O Contentment, we look with delight,
For blessing by day, and repose through the night;
So, that whatever comes, as our duty to do,
We'll bend to the task, and with purpose pursue.

If truth be our pole-star, we'll never once stray
From the line which true rectitude points as the way;
And the light of our deeds will thus brilliantly shine,
And mould in our character motives divine.

A life thus devoted, and tranquility spent,
Feels largely the blessings that dwell with content;
Feels, too, an emotion no tongue can relate,
And vested with power to triumph o'er fate.

It removes every doubt from the care-stricken breast,
For, then with the world we're at peace and at rest;
Its glory survives us, when hushed is our breath,
And we have gone down to the "valley of death."

O, kind-hearted reader, whoever thou art,
I trust an impression I've made on thy heart;
Indeed, if it proves so, how pleased I would be,
To know who's most happy—thy servant or thee.

[Translated from the French for The Flag of our Union.]

THE DOG TASK.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

In a shop in the Rue de Glatigny, in Paris, at the sign of the Dagna Petit, Jacques labored industriously to provide for the daily wants of his little fair haired and rosy family, encouraged by the sweet smile of Marguerite his wife, and the hope which one always has of being more fortunate next year. Jacques was cutler to King Louis XI., but was no richer for that; for Louis XI. cheapened like a petty citizen of the Rue St. Denis; which deprived Jacques of the benefit of the title of cutler to the king's household table. He would rather purchase a conscience than a dozen knives; and then, he was so poor himself that he wore patched coats and breeches. Jacques the cutler therefore starved on his privilege, like a miser beside his treasure.

At last, on the day of which we speak, labor, and therefore joy, had returned to the shop of the Rue de Glatigny. The hotels were re-opened for the king's suite; there were fetes, suppers; and knives were being sharpened everywhere. Jacques had his share in the universal jubilee. And Marguerite said, as she saw orders pour into the shop:

"Blessed be St. Eloi, who sends us so much work, my dear man."

And Jacques and Marguerite began to dance around the shop with their children, joyous to be of the party. A moment afterwards, the brow of Jacques became slightly overshadowed: the cutler had calculated.

"Doubtless," said he, "work has come; but it will not be advisable for us to hire assistance: a workman would take off all our profits. We must not depend either on work for a long time: this is but temporary. If it should continue, by-and-by we may hire help, but now it would be prudent to do without."

"If we only had Pierrot, our apprentice," exclaimed Marguerite.

"Bah! a little idler who did not like work," replied Jacques, "since he deserted the shop I do not want to hear his name."

"I will help you as well as I can, my dear man," Marguerite replied, better able to assist by her courage than by her arms. The wife was extremely delicate. This might be divined from her paleness and slender form. It was very evident that she could not blow the bellows of the forge, nor turn the wheel. Jacques embraced Marguerite, and said to her:

"We shall see; meanwhile, serve up the soup."

It was in the month of July, the sky was clear, but the heat was great.

"Mama," exclaimed the two children of the cutler, "let us eat at the door in the sun?"

Marguerite consulted Jacques by a look.

"Go, go!" replied the cutler, "the fresh air sharpens the appetite, and the sun gives children strength."

They did not wait for him to repeat the permission, but ran to sit down, with their porringers in their laps, on the steps of the shop.

"For whom is this plate, wife?" asked the cutler.

There was indeed one plate too many. Marguerite sighed.

"I know," said the cutler: "you were thinking of Pierrot."

"Poor child! perhaps he has nothing to eat!"

"He should not have left us; he who forsakes his work, forsakes his bread," replied the husband of Marguerite, harshly.

"I should not like to have any misfortune happen to him," resumed the good mother, casting on her children a glance of tenderness.

"Whose fault would it be?" replied the cutler; "did I send him away? I requested you never to speak to me of that bad boy," added he, in a tone more severe than he intended.

Marguerite was silent, but a moment afterwards resumed:

"It is singular that Pierrot should disappear from our house the very day in which that tall, dark, and withered man, whom our children were so much afraid of, came to take the enormous steel scissors we had forged for him."

"It is true," replied Jacques, "that man had indeed a singular appearance."

"I strongly suspect him," continued Marguerite, "of enticing away our apprentice. This personage lived among the gipsies, in the Cour des Miracles, he may therefore have been a sorcerer, and have carried off the child by some infernal conjuration."

"Bah!" returned the cutler, "this man is a poor fellow who has a mania of surrounding himself with a great number of dogs, whom he spends his life in shearing, and in whom he ever traffics. At any rate, it is not worth while to trouble ourselves about an idle and ungrateful boy, so let us eat."

Pierrot was, in fact, of invincible idleness; neither kindness, nor punishment, nor reason could influence him. One evening when Jacques had threatened him with a just chastisement, he had fled from the shop of the cutler; unfortunately he encountered the black man, who addressed to him some honeyed words, and allured him into a large court—a moment afterwards an infernal laugh accompanied a dog, who fled, with a saucepan attached to his tail, followed by laughter and stones from the bad boys in the neighborhood.

"Meanwhile," Marguerite replied, "I must tell you a singular dream I had last night. Imagine, my dear man, that I saw in a dream the mother of Pierrot; this poor woman said to me: 'My little boy, Pierrot has left you; it was wrong, you who loved him so much. That has given you much trouble, dear lady; for you took a great interest in this poor child, who had no father or mother, and who had only you to love him in the world. He is, at present, very severely punished for his ingratitude; but, madam, you know that all children are ungrateful. When they grow up, they change, they understand better, and divine, by the ills they suffer from others, what others have suffered for them. Then gratitude comes to them and love. He will one day return to you, one day, when a powerful personage shall offer you a large sum for an object which I cannot name. My little Pierrot will return to you twice corrected for his idleness and his ingratitude. Adieu, madam,' said she with a smile. 'May God preserve your children from the black man who shears dogs!'"

Jacques, who was not very superstitious, began to jest at the dream of his good Marguerite, advising his wife to offer up a *novena* at Notre Dame, of which she was very capable: hope justifies faith.

The children, Blanche, the girl, and Jacquot the little boy, were coming in for more bread and broth, when a dog emerged from the square of Notre Dame, and precipitately entered the [illegible] The dog moved, then, casting a glance on the wheel, comprehended all.

"Ah, ah! my poor friend, here is a comrade who teaches us that we are no longer young," said he to his dog.

At this apostrophe from his old master, the poor friend cast a sorrowful glance in the direction of his vigorous companion.

"Halt!" exclaimed the old man. The dog stopped short, and the wheel also. Then he came and lay down proudly before Jacques, who could not believe his eyes, seeming to say to him:

"Do you understand?"

The eyes of the cutler and of the animal exchanged a glance of intelligence; and Jacques said as he returned home:

"Whatever people may say, Marguerite, animals have souls."

A few days afterwards, the dog, whom the cutler had surnamed Task, performed in his shop the office of a workman; this poor animal labored. Very soon all Paris talked of this working dog, of his wonderful intelligence, of his indefatigable energy. Few men were capable of surpassing Task in his functions. It was curious, also, to see the tenderness which Jacques lavished on this good animal. They had whole hours of conversation together.

The man talked, the dog gesticulated; they comprehended each other, and usually ended in mutual embraces, in which Blanche and Jacquot mingled. Marguerite was for Task an object of peculiar affection. In the morning he uttered cries of joy at sight of his gentle mistress; at evening Task would not go to his kennel till she had given him her hand to lick. The reputation of the good dog increased, till it was talked of in court, and came to the knowledge of King Louis XI. So that one beautiful evening in the month of September, two personages entered the shop of the cutler, led by public rumor.

"Pagnes Dieu!" said the first personage, meanly clad, and with his pourpoint pieced at the elbows, "Pagnes-Dieu! Master Jacques, you have a pleasant companion, there, one who deserves to be in the service of the king."

The cutler, who was bending over his grindstone, raised his head and suspended his labors, to see who it was that was speaking to him thus. He found that it was King Louis XI. himself, a redoubtable prince. The wheel continued to turn.

"Halt!" exclaimed Jacques, and the wheel stopped.

"It is wonderful to see his obedience," said the king, who appreciated this quality very highly in others.

Jacques took off his cap, and said to the dog: "Task, salute the king."

Task stood upon his hind paws, and made a thousand comical reverences, which enchanted his majesty. Then he ran to seek an old stool, which he dragged as well as he could to the feet of Louis, as if to invite him to sit down. Then Task, standing on his hind feet, looked at the king with an eye profoundly interrogative. King Louis XI., who was not stupid, comprehended that the animal was asking his orders. He extended his hand to him, the dog gave him his paw, and though gaiety is not the disposition common to his race, he played a thousand tricks, which relaxed the usually gloomy brow of the old and sorrowful king.

"Would you not like to live in a palace?" asked his majesty.

At this question Task howled mournfully.

This reply of the dog filled Jacques with uneasiness, he even sought to excuse him, saying:

"Poor animal! he well knows that he is unworthy of this honor, sire."

"I will take you into my service," continued Louis XI.

Task beat a retreat, and took refuge in the wheel, which he turned rapidly.

Which seemed to say: "I would rather work."

"This dog is not much of a courtier, Master Jacques," said Louis XI., observing with interest the agility of the montagnard. "I wish my court were full of such animals. What do you think of him, confrere?" continued the king, addressing himself to the person who accompanied him, and who had until then remained silent.

This was the black man, with the large, sharp scissors; the dog-shearer who had so terrified Marguerite. He was the veterinary surgeon of the king's household, and his business was partly to provide dogs for hunting, and for guarding the palace and prisons of state.

Dogs, like children, have an admirable instinct to divine at first sight good or evil natures. When the black man, who had stood behind, had advanced, he replied in a gloomy voice:

"Yes, sire."

The eye of the dog kindled, his hair bristled, and he seemed ready to spring on the black man.

The latter, far from being terrified, said:

"This animal must be a good watch dog, sire, he appears to me to be worthy to watch at the gates of Plessis-les-Tours. I advise your majesty to purchase him."

This counsel suited Louis XI. perfectly. This king, having made many victims in the kingdom, had many enemies; he knew it; he feared vengeance, suspected all who surrounded him, had no faith in devotedness, in friends, saw snares everywhere, feared even his son, whom he would not allow to meddle with public affairs; a vigilant guardian like this dog was therefore very desirable.

Task began to run around the black man with extraordinary bowls. Blanche and Jacquot trembled as they heard the black man speak; Marguerite trembled, as if the king had demanded the sacrifice of one of her children.

"Pagnes-Dieu!" exclaimed Louis XI., "this is good advice." Turning to Jacques, he said:

"Master Jacques must sell me this animal."

The cutler replied:

"If such is the will of your majesty, take my poor companion, I cannot oppose it; but I cannot sell him!"

"Do you know, Master Jacques," said the black man, "that you are speaking to King Louis XI.?"

"I know," replied the cutler, "that if his majesty [illegible] than his courtiers I am a ruined man. I repeat to you, Master Shearer, I will not sell my friend." As he said this, the cutler cast his eyes on Task, and saw two large tears trickle from the eyes of this good dog. The king offered a considerable sum. The cutler was silent; the children threw themselves upon the neck of the dog, whom they clasped in their little arms. The good Marguerite burst into tears.

The king, who began to be displeased at this scene, beckoned to the black man to seize the dog, and pass a cord around his neck. The black man approached the animal, who opened his mouth threateningly. He drew back.

The king offered five hundred francs, promising also to have the sign, "cutler to the king," that was beginning to be defaced, painted anew.

The dog escaped from the arms of the children, and ran to take refuge in those of the gentle Marguerite, who exclaimed in [illegible] turn:

"No, my poor friend, my good workman, no, you shall not leave us, you who lighten our labors, and help support our family."

"A thousand francs!" exclaimed the king, his eyes sparkling with anger.

Another cry responded to that of the king, the dog disappeared, and Marguerite, instead of the montagnard, held in her arms a boy in a serge apron, who was smiling beneath his beautiful black curls.

"Pierrot! papa, it was Pierrot;" exclaimed the children, running to embrace the poor apprentice.

The dream of the cutler's wife was fulfilled.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Southworth at once rose to distinction as a writer on the appearance of her first work, and her hold on the affections and sympathies of the public has increased with the publication of each subsequent novel. The Discarded Daughter strikingly illustrates the importance of family discipline, and the beneficial influence of mental cultivation. No one should be without a copy.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON. By Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

We have long been admirers of Mrs. Southworth's writings, but in this work she has fairly outdone herself. It abounds with the most thrilling incidents, and beautiful scene descriptions; and in intensity of language, reminds us in many places of the best efforts of Eugene Sue. It is fast increasing in popularity.

CALDERON; *the Courtier*. By Sir E. L. BULWER. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

This is a short story of but thirty-two pages; but for lively description and vigorous thought, we consider it one of the author's best productions.

THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS. By EUGENE SUE. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

The immense popularity of this work makes it quite unnecessary to speak of its merits; as Sue is well known to have no living rival in describing the peculiarities of character, the various phases of vice, and in introducing the most novel and ever varying, deep dialogue of the French people. It is published in two volumes, fifty cents each. Both volumes sent free of postage for one dollar.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE COURT OF THE STUARTS. By WM. HARRISON AINSWORTH. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Mr. Ainsworth is a writer of much experience and merit, being the author of a great number of very popular books; the above, however, is said to be his best production, and to abound with the most thrilling incidents and court secrets. It is bound in paper, complete in one volume, and is sold for fifty cents.

All of Peterson's publications are for sale in Boston at Fetridge's, at the publisher's prices.

Jester's Picnic.

A Georgia correspondent relates the following of one of their Hard Shell preachers:

"Two of them were in the same pulpit together. While one was preaching, he happened to say, 'When Abraham built the ark.' The one behind him strove to correct his blunder by saying out loud, '*Abraham wasn't there.*' But the speaker pushed on, heedless of the interruption, and only to repeat still more decidedly, 'I say, when Abraham built the ark.'

"'And I say,' cried the other, '*Abraham wasn't there.*'

"The Hard Shell was too hard to be beaten down in this way, and addressing the people, exclaimed with great indignation:

"'I say Abraham was *there*, or *thar* ABOUTS!'"

A humorous young man was driving a horse which was in the habit of stopping at every house on the roadside. Passing a country tavern, where were collected together some dozen countrymen, the beast, as usual, ran opposite the door, and then stopped in spite of the young man, who applied the whip with all his might to drive the horse on. The men on the porch commenced a hearty laugh, and some inquired if he would sell the horse.

"Yes," replied the young man; "but I cannot recommend him, as he once belonged to a butcher, and stops whenever he hears the calves bleat."

The crowd retired to the bar in silence.

The Boston Post tells a funny story of the visit of two Indian chiefs this city to the exhibition at the Athenæum Gallery. After roving round, they at length stopped before Allston's Belshazzar's feast.

"Superb!"

"O, yes, Annie; but what is the subject?"

"What is it?" and she smiled with conscious knowledge; "what is it? Why, 'The Last Supper!'"

"Is that a statue of Ohio?" asked the Brahmin Poo-Poo of Old Roger, as they sailed by the ship Ohio, in the Chelsea ferry-boat.

"I rather guess it is," said the old man, "as it is a statue of considerable size, and 'Oh! behold!' is the expression of sighs."

The Brahmin drew a long whiff through his meerschaum, but made no further remark.—*Post.*

The Buffalo Express says the author of this rhyme deserves to be "nipped by untimely frosts:"

"'Tis winter, and no more the breeze
Bus among the budding trees,
And while boy with ragged trousses,
Shivering, homeward drives the cowses,
Newly treat-bit are his toes,
And bless my life, how cold his nose is!"

A lady was recently teaching a boy to spell. The boy spelled c o l d, but could not pronounce it. In vain his teacher asked him to think, and try. At last she asked him:

"What do you do when you go out upon the wet sidewalk on a rainy day, and wet your feet?"

"I gets a licking."

A great big joke for great big men.—Castor and Pollux were invited to a sewing party the other evening. The sewing party was stupid, and Castor was asked how he liked it.

"It was so-so," said Castor.

"What did you do?"

"Castor hemmed and I hawed," was the reply.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

A celebrated hangman in England, showing the gallows attached to Newgate, observed to the bystanders that he had hung twenty persons [illegible] some one suggested that it was too small.

"O, no, bless you, twenty-five people could swing on that very *comfortable*."

We were at a colored meeting the other day, when one of the audience, being excited, cried out, as is not uncommon in negro meetings, "Glory!"

"Ditto, brother," cried an earnest voice from the other side of the house.

The Lancet, or some other equally edifying paper, on the subject of human food, says that large quantities of sausages are made of horse-flesh. A friend of ours says he believes it, as he invariably has the *night-mare* when he has eaten them for supper.

Seedy Sentimental Gent, singing—"Were my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be."

Watchman—Come, none o' that 'ere; you know you haint got no bosom on, nor shirt neither. So stop your howling, or away you go. The neighbors says its wuss than cats.

"Now, Charley, my boy, there's a bottle of wine that's forty years old."

"Forty years! By Jove, I'm astonished!"

"What, because it is so old?"

"No, Jack; but to find it so small of its age."

An Irishman in Chicago has just discovered a substitute for potatoes. It consists of pork and cabbage. He says he has tried various other things, but this is the only "substitute" that he'd like to warrant.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

AN ELEGANT, MORAL AND REFINED

Miscellaneous Family Journal,

devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral, therefore making it emphatically

A PAPER FOR THE MILLION,

and a welcome visitor to the home circle. It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of

THE MAMMOTH SIZE,

for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An authorized corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an

ORIGINAL PAPER.

The FLAG is printed on fine white paper, with new and beautiful type, and contains 1280 square inches, being a large weekly paper of eight super-royal quarto pages.

TERMS--INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$2 00
4 subscribers, " "	7 00
10 " "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen subscribers*, at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth copy gratis*.

One copy of THE FLAG for one year, and one copy of ELLIOT'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, $4 00 per annum.

*** Traveling agents are not employed on this paper.

☞ The FLAG can be obtained of any of the newspaper depots in the United States, and of newspaper carriers, at FIVE CENTS per single copy. Published every SATURDAY, by

M. H. ELLIOT,

CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON, MASS.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

S. FRENCH, 121 Nassau Street, New York.
A. WINCH, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
HENRY TAYLOR, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore.
A. C. RALEY, corner 4th and Sycamore Sts., Cincinnati.
J. A. ROYS, 45 Woodward Avenue, Detroit.
R. K. WOODWARD, corner 4th and Chestnut Sts., St. Louis.
SAMUEL HITWOOD, Louisville, Kentucky.